The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

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The Independent.

LATER ASPECTS OF THE CANVASS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

SINCE I last wrote of the Presidential contest, an increased earnestness—an earnestness that may well be termed intense—is manifest throughout our country. If there was ever reason to pronounce the supporters of Gen. Grant deficient in enthusiasm, there is certainly reason no longer. And yet enthusiasm is not the word which most aptly characterizes the feeling which pervades and impels the canvass; while earnestness is. Buffooneries, however clever, jar upon the popular heart. Comic ditties are not relished; gravely patriotic songs are preferred. Grant meetings are very large, as well as numerous; and the masses listen with attention to labored expositions of the National Debt, Finances, Revenue System, etc., which would once have been deserted as dry and wearisome. The People are eager to be enlightened with regard to their position, their responsibilities, and the moral obligations involved therein. In no former canvass was so much solid, substantial, practical instruction imparted and received as in that now in progress.

I estimate that ten thousand speakers are now commending Republican principles and measures to popular acceptance, and that not less than thirty thousand Republican speeches per week will be made henceforth till the night before election. I presume the other side equally zealous and active, and that their meetings are nearly, if not quite, as well attended as ours. A few words in elucidation of the general drift of the argument on either side may not be deemed untimely.

I. The Negro is the "harp of a thousand strings" whereon the Democratic canvassers play incessantly. That Whites should loathe, despise, and seek to degrade the Negro is "the moral of their strain." Negro stupidity, Negro indolence, Negro criminality, Negro worthlessness generally, is the burden of their song. That the Negro is ignorant they exultingly proclaim; but not with any idea of promoting or suggesting his enlightenment. In the same breath, they insist that he should not vote because illiterate, and that the common schools shall be shut against him. They demand the punishment of his offenses; but insist that he shall be denied a trial by his peers. They dilate on his poverty and dependence; but do nothing, suggest nothing, looking to their removal. They cannot afford that he should become enlightened, thrifty, and virtuous; for that would disprove the first article in their creed. It is essential to their argument that he should be forever base and benighted—or, at least, that he should be thought so.

II. The supporters of Seymour and Blair, acting under their standard-bearer's directions, endeavor to make the National Debt, Expenditure, and Taxation the pivot of the contest. They do not so believe or feel; on the contrary, they would gladly have all these increased, if they thereby could secure the overthrow of the Reconstruction acts and the restoration of the former power of the late Slaveholding Oligarchy over the South and the Union. Their absorbing interest in the Financial condition of the country is feigned and false. They harp on this theme only because they hope thereby to get the Negro under the heel of his late owner. They insist that the South shall be stripped of soldiers, in order that it may revert into the hands and fall under the unchecked sway of the late slaveholders.

III. The organized fraud which miscalls itself Democracy is fully aware that the popular judgment dooms it to defeat. Its one hope is that the official returns may be made to falsify that judgment. To flood the Northern ballot-boxes with the illegal votes of "repeaters" and unnaturalized (or fraudulently naturalized) foreigners, and to terrify the Southern Blacks into voting themselves back into vassalage or not voting at all—in either case, to give their respective states over to the unchecked control of their late masters—such is the Democratic programme. It is not possible to confer on Seymour and Blair even the semblance of an election otherwise than by defrauding the legal voters of their rights.

IV. The Republican party—superior to its adversary in most things—is sadly deficient in organization. It polls this year some nine-tenths of its votes, while its antagonist polls *more* votes than the whole number of its legal voters. There will be more Democratic votes returned as polled in Pennsylvania this week than there are Democratic voters residing in the state; and the same is true of Indiana, likewise. To confine the poll to legal voters, and allow each of these a chance to vote exactly once, would foreclose the case against Seymour and Blair.

V. Except in the matter of Naturalization, there is a steady gain for Grant and Colfax. There are twice as many men hard at work to elect them as there were a few weeks ago. There are thrice as many speaking in their behalf, to five times as many deeply interested hearers, as there were at a still recent day. The general confidence that they *will* be elected is but a reflection of the prevalent conviction that they *ought* to be. They are better known, consequently more esteemed and trusted, than they were. Nine-tenths of the no-party men, and those six months since indifferent, are now heartily for them. Outside of our own country, while despots and oligarchs generally wish that they might not be elected, there seem to be none who doubt that they *will* be. Here, some are blinded by party spirit; but the great majority look undoubtingly for their election, while thousands who deprecate do nevertheless fully expect it. So mote it be!

NEWMAN HALL IN SWITZERLAND.

MONTREUX, LAKE OF GENEVA, August 18th, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THE date reminds me that twelve months ago to-day I was losing sight of the British shores, on my voyage to America. To that visit I shall ever look back with the deepest interest. The generous kindness with which I was everywhere welcomed; the loving hearts and happy homes which greeted me; the friendships formed; the opportunities afforded me of pleading the cause of international goodwill; and, above all, the door which was so kindly opened to me for preaching God's great message of peace, will ever claim my liveliest gratitude to the Giver of all good. My absence from home was scarcely a holiday, however; and, as there is no rest for me in England, I have escaped to this recreation-ground of both Englishmen and Americans. Our language is heard in every hotel, all down the long tables at dinner, on steamboats, on mountain-tops; so that it is difficult to feel we are in a foreign land. The house from which I write is at Glion, about a thousand feet perpendicular above the lake. Chillon is at our feet on one side, and "Sweet Clarens" on the other. The craggy mountains of Savoy rise from the opposite side of the lake, where the Rhone rolls in its turbid waters, discolored by the glaciers; and the dirty-looking stream is distinguishable for nearly two miles, before it is merged in the pure, blue waters of the lake. But it is merged at length. And many a mountain torrent, rushing down all anger and defilement, at once loses both in the placid purity that receives it. It suggests to me the new nature wrought in us by the Holy Spirit. This divine life in the soul, like the mirrored surface of the lake, reflects the hues of heaven, and is continually subduing to itself the remaining corruptions of our human nature. In many a rapid torrent—alas! sometimes in a wide, deep, full tide, like the Rhone—sins and iniquities flow into the sanctified soul. The streams are good, but they carry defilement in them. Our instincts and capacities are in themselves holy; but alas! how constantly are they defiled by evil indulgence. But the grace of God subdues the evil, precipitates the sin, and purifies the affections; so that they add to our strength and beauty, as the turbid streams which feed this beautiful lake. I have soon found friends from America. In the dungeon of the Castle of Chillon I was kindly accosted by a lady who had met me in New Haven; and to-day a brother-in-law of Mr. W. E. Dodge, and others, reminded me by their cordial greeting of much pleasant intercourse with American citizens beyond the great water.

My valued friend, Mr. Dodge, Jr., and Mrs. Dodge, left this hotel only a day or two before we came to it; and yesterday I called on Longfellow, at his quondam hotel near Chillon, only to find he had lately taken his departure. How I regret I have not the pleasure I had anticipated of visiting these regions with your racy, wise, hearty, spiritual correspondent, T. L. C., to whom I feel as a most dear brother. But his "nest has been stirred." Sorrow has visited the home where I spent so pleasant a time; and thus he has been writing to you from the White Mountains, instead of from Mt. Blanc. My wife and myself left London on Monday week. We spent a day at Rouen, visiting the cathedral, the tower where Prince Arthur was murdered by King John and where Joan of Arc was confined, and the spot where she was savagely burnt. The city is full of interesting memorials, carrying the thoughts of Englishmen and Americans to the old chieftains of the Northmen, and to that invasion of England which so much influenced the laws, liberties, and national character of the great family of which you and we are constituent parts. On Tuesday to Paris, which, after a few hours' pleasant ramble, we quitted by night-train; and on Wednesday morning, struck with the great beauty of the gorges of the Jura, left the railway near a very old and picturesque city, called Orbe, very little visited. Here we engaged a mountain-carriage (for which, including driver, only twelve francs a day were demanded) and drove up a most beautiful valley, into the very heart of the Jura district, passing the night at the village of Pout, on the shore of the little lake of Joux. On Thursday we drove through a fertile valley, enclosed by pine-forested hills, and enlivened by cheerful, industrious, and prosperous villages. The people here are all engaged in watch-making. The women do the work in their own homes; and the nature of it is such that they can lay it down at any time, and resume it, without detriment to the work and without neglect to their domestic duties. Snow lies very thick here during several months; and, when most other labors are thus suspended, this useful branch of industry is carried on. I have read what I have written to my wife; but she says I am trespassing on her ground, as she is thinking of sending you a letter describing our Jura journey. And, as I don't pretend to compete with her in power of description, regard for myself, if not courtesy to her, requires me to drop this theme, and simply say that we got here on Saturday. On Sunday there was service in the hotel; but we had associations with the little church of Montreux, and so went down there to worship. The native Swiss Presbyterian congregation assemble at 10; and when they disperse the English service begins. This is in connection with the Established Church, and under the authority of the Bishop of London. The liberality of the Swiss is admired and taken advantage of by English Episcopalians. May these imitate the good example, and not close their churches against all Christians who do not believe in diocesan bishops. The beautiful liturgy did not sound less sweetly, nor did the hearts of the worshipers feel less devout, because Presbyterians had just before met there, and extempore prayer been offered. The sermon was about St. Paul; and the preacher told us that we were all made Christians in baptism, whereby we became partakers of all the grace which St. Paul obtained when he was baptized, which was much more than the grace he obtained when he was converted by the vision of Christ. Therefore, we might all become as good as St. Paul, as we already had obtained his grace, and only needed to improve it. The sermon was about fifteen minutes long, and the preacher—or, rather, the *reader*—often stumbled at his own MS. It was a lamentable waste of a great opportunity; for it is a great opportunity of usefulness to speak to a number of persons gathered together in a strange land from various parts of the earth. In the evening I attended Church of England service in our hotel; where the sermon was simple, earnest, practical, and thoroughly evangelical. There is a "Continental Society," sustained by the Church of England, which arranges for divine service in most of the places resorted to by the English. Americans attend these services in large numbers. In the litany a prayer was introduced for the President of the U. S. But I have never heard of an American clergyman, not an Episcopalian, being invited to take part in any of these services. All honor to the zeal of the promoters; but when will the Church of England open its doors to receive as fellow-members and ministers of Christ those who belong to other communions?

LONDON, Sept. 24th.—My letter has remained more than a month untouched! I am now at home, preparing for the winter campaign. But I will go back to the lovely scenes I have just visited, and, mentally placing myself there, close my epistle. We made an excursion for a few days up the Ormonde Valley, to a grand and beautiful region, foolishly named Diablerds. We called a lovely spot we found there "The glade of good angels." On Sunday we went to the Swiss Free Church of the valley. The upper part of the building is the pastor's house; the church and class-rooms are below. About 150 peasants were present, the men and women sitting apart. The singing was slow and in the minor key, all the parts being well sustained. There was no instrument, and the whole congregation composed the choir. One of the elders read a chapter and gave out a hymn with great propriety. He was a peasant of the valley. The pastor offered prayer and preached an earnest Gospel sermon, in good French. A church-meeting was held at the close, to appoint a new pastor; the present pastor having resigned, through ill health. I was invited to remain. Only male members of the age of 21 were present. The pastor stated that the church court (consisting of the elders and himself) had nominated a new pastor; and the votes of the members were now to be taken, confirming or otherwise this nomination. Prayer was offered for direction. Then slips of paper were handed round, and each of the twenty persons present wrote Yes, or No. The papers were then opened and read aloud, and the nomination confirmed by the unanimous consent of the members. Prayer was offered by the pastor-elect; and the simple but important business of this Free Church was concluded. The pastor thus elected is a student from Geneva, and a very adventurous Alpine climber. The preceding week he had fallen on the glacier, thousands of feet above the village, and was so injured that he could not travel. His companion descended for help; and several men went up in the dark, amidst a terrific thunder-storm, till they found him under a rock, nearly exhausted. Then they brought him down, amid the raging of the tempest, over crevassed glaciers and by the edge of yawning precipices, which made me feel thankful, when I was up there the next day, that I had calm weather and clear daylight for my climb. On Sunday evening I attended another native service, and was introduced by the pastor to one or two of his congregation. It was very pleasant to be told by a poor, hard-working, weather-beaten peasant woman that she had that morning been reading "Come to Jesus," which was lying on the table in her chalêt; and that she also possessed "Follow Jesus" and "It is I." What a privilege it is thus to be permitted to minister the simple truth of Christ beyond one's own country. Little I had thought, when wandering through those valleys, and admiring those picturesque cottages, that words of mine were known there, and were useful in giving comfort and guidance to Swiss peasants. It is often the little things we do which God uses more than what we have thought great things; and we should be encouraged to do whatever God puts before us to do, not scorning it because it seems insignificant. For the tiny, insignificant leaf on which the Saviour's name is written may be taken up by the winds, his messengers, and wafted far away on errands of mercy; while the ponderous tomes which we have toiled at with greater effort, and perhaps greater pride, may never stir from the place where they were first produced. All honor to those who can produce great and learned treatises. The church needs them; and, when prepared with humility, and commended to God in prayer, how great will be the reward of those who thus contribute to the permanent edification of the church. Let all who are able attempt and do great things. But they who can only do little things, but do what they can, may rejoice that God is able to make use of their little service equally with the great services of those more highly gifted. We went over the mountain, to a lovely summer resort, called Rossiniere. Here is the largest wooden house or chalêt in Switzerland. It has 365 doors and windows. About sixty guests were there "*en pension*," at the charge of four and a half francs a day—about $1.25. For this they provide a substantial breakfast, first-rate dinner, and tea, with cold meat, fruit, etc. The scenery around is most lovely. The company were of the first-class. But sorrow was here, as everywhere. I heard that there was a young lady, of great beauty and an heiress, lying at the gate of death; but whose case had only just been pronounced hopeless, she being ignorant of her danger. I felt I could not proceed without offering to visit her. Her friends gladly introduced me to her room. I shall never forget the scene. There, on a bed, commanding a view of the loveliest scenery imaginable, lay a girl, in the very last stages of consumption, who had come with all the hopes of youth to this region of beauty, but whose condition plainly said, "In the midst of life we are in death." How anxiously her large lustrous eyes were turned on the stranger, as he entered the room! I was too overcome to speak for some time, except by silent tears of sympathy. Then I talked, not of death, but of Jesus—of that loving Brother who had taken our nature, and in his own person had felt weariness, and weakness, and pain; who had borne our sins, and taken away the sting of death; and who had gone up on high to prepare a home for us in a land lovelier than Switzerland—where the pastures were greener, and the fountains purer, and the flowers sweeter; where there was no sin, or sorrow, or death. How her face became radiant with faith and hope! I could not doubt she was a Christian, and that she rejoiced in the truth of what I reminded her. And, when I prayed at her bedside, how emphatic was her response! She was unable to speak; but I shall not soon forget her look of gratitude, and the farewell grasp of that emaciated hand, as I left her, sure that within a few days at most her spirit would soar from that lovely Alpine valley to the Paradise of God. If any young lady should read these lines, let me ask her to reflect on the insufficiency and uncertainty of all earthly advantages. Wealth, beauty, accomplishments, admiration—how worthless, in the absence of true religion! Such things may pass away as in a moment; as the snow-wreath when the sun shines on it; as the morning vapor when the day dawns; as the flower beneath the stormy blast; as a dream when one awaketh. How was the hope that this girl loved Christ infinitely more important than that she was beautiful, well-born, and rich? And this—"the pearl of great price," the "one thing needful"—may be shared by *every one*. "Ask, and ye shall receive." We crossed the pass of the Jaman, which Byron called "beautiful as a dream," to our mountain-home at Glion, where we received a true (shall I say American?) welcome. After lingering a little longer there, we revisited the Jura; and from the summit of the Dôle, its highest point, enjoyed what is perhaps the grandest view in Europe—for we looked down on the Lake of Geneva, from its chief city to beyond Lausanne, and over it, to mountains ranged beyond one another till overtopped by the glories of the Mt. Blanc range, the reflections of whose glaciers glittered in the lake below us. On reaching home, I found a copy of THE INDEPENDENT, containing Mrs. Newman Hall's paper on Cheshunt College, but giving the credit of it to me! A letter from my friend, T. L. C., also complimented me by saying that I had never written anything more graceful. I accept this testimony to her pen with pride and pleasure. I remain faithfully yours,

NEWMAN HALL.

THOU HOLY SPIRIT, COME.

[FROM THE LATIN OF ROBERTUS.]

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN.

Thou Holy Spirit, come!
From thy celestial home
Shed light divine.
Thou Father of the poor,
Adding to each man's store,
Within us shine.

Of woes the solace best,
Of soul the sweetest guest
And sweetest calm;
Thou art in toil repose,
Art shade when hot wind blows,
In grief art balm.

Most blissful Light divine,
Down in these hearts of thine
Send radiance bright.
Without thy tender care
There is no goodness there—
Nothing but blight.

Cleanse what is mean away,
With dews the parched allay,
The wounded heal;
Whate'er is stubborn bend,
Warmth to all coldness send,
The way reveal.

To all the faithful give,
Who on thy promise live,
Each perfect grace:
Give them their due reward,
Salvation from their Lord
Through endless days.

ANCESTRAL DEBASEMENT.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

STANDING in his place in the U. S. House of Representatives, on the 21st of January, 1839, the venerable John Quincy Adams stated that, in consequence of having presented to the House sundry anti-slavery petitions, he had received from various quarters of the South, through the mails, letters containing, many of them, positive threats of assassination; others warning him, professedly in a friendly spirit, that if he continued to present such petitions his days were numbered; still others, challenging him to mortal combat with rifles, designating the place, day, and spot. With characteristic firmness, he said: "I am not to cease from the discharge of a solemn public duty under threats of any kind, either of the bully or of the assassin. That I can defy assassination I wish all bullies and assassins throughout the country to understand, and that no such threats will ever deter me from my duty here. I cannot give up the right of my constituents to be heard on the subject of their petitions. As long as I shall hold a seat on this floor, as long as my voice will continue to answer the feeling of my heart, I must persevere, though actual assassination should be the consequence." And so, in this attitude, under this liability, constantly insulted and menaced in the fiercest language, on the floor of the House, by the slaveholding representatives from the South, "the old man eloquent" remained unflinchingly at his post, with a sublime courage maintaining the sacred right of petition, and entering into the conflict with a haughty slave oligarchy more and more vigorously, until he saw "the last of earth." Although not technically an abolitionist, the service he rendered to the cause of emancipation, by the manner in which he contributed to the general agitation of the question, and the important intermediate relation he sustained to it, was of immense value, entitling him to the gratitude of his countrymen to the latest posterity. He attempted no equivocation as to the pro-slavery features of the Constitution of the United States; but truly declared, in accordance with historical facts, that at the close of the Revolutionary conflict, when the powers of government came to be delegated to the Union, "the South—that is, South Carolina and Georgia—refused their subscription to the parchment till it should be saturated with the infection of slavery, which no fumigation could purify, no quarantine could extinguish; the freemen of the North gave way, and the deadly venom of slavery was infused into the Constitution of freedom." Under God, he was made a most powerful instrument to the hastening of that great, eventful day when the "covenant with death" was broken and the "agreement with hell" ceased to stand. No longer does the Constitution provide for a slave representation in Congress, or the return of fugitive slaves to their masters, or the suppression of slave insurrections by the strong arm of the National Government. The slave system has disappeared, and with it all compromises and devices for its perpetuity; and the supreme law of the land asserts the freedom and equality of all the inhabitants thereof.

If John Quincy Adams had lived to witness the late rebellion, what patriotic courage, ardor, devotion he would have displayed! what strength and inspiration he would have given to the righteous side! what stirring appeals in support of the Government would have come from his lips! how unreservedly, as friend, counselor, champion, would he have given himself to the administration of Abraham Lincoln, as the test of loyalty! how thankful and exultant would have been his spirit that he had lived to see the day when, by the lawful exercise of the war power, emancipation could be governmentally decreed, as he had long before asserted in Congress;* and slavery (to borrow the language of Wilberforce)—the full measure of pure, unmixed, unsophisticated wickedness; scorning all competition or comparison, and standing without a rival in the secure, undisputed possession of its detestable pre-eminence—had received its death-wound! with what pride and satisfaction would he have beheld the great slaveholding conspiracy broken in pieces like a potter's vessel, and the foundations of the Republic made broader and stronger than ever! So, too, had he lived to participate in the patriotic work of Southern reconstruction, not Charles Sumner, not Thaddeus Stevens, not any senator or representative, could have surpassed him in making it radically secure—taking, if deemed necessary, a bond of fate—and leaving nothing undone for the freedom and protection of white and black loyalists alike! How he would be renewedly scorned and execrated by his old enemies, the traitors who sought to destroy the Union for the most nefarious purposes! And, as it relates to the issues presented by the Republican party on the one hand, and the pseudo Democratic party on the other, how instinctively would he exert every faculty and power to uphold the former and to crush the latter to the dust!

The brave old man has gone. A grandson bears his name, in the prime of life and at the opening of a public career. What is the spirit which animates his breast? Where is he to be found in this solemn crisis? Does he espouse the side of loyalty and liberty in a manner to subject himself to the hatred of all that is yet seditious and oppressive at the South? Or, is he dead to all the noble sentiments and principles of his great ancestor? And has he so basely degenerated from the Adams stock as to be "hail fellow" with the very wretches who menaced his grandsire with the dagger and the halter because he would not worship at their man-imbruting shrines; who were the prominent instigators and leaders in the treasonable secession movement; who still glory in their shame, and are calculating upon a substantial triumph and complete mastery over the nation in the election of Seymour and Blair; whose hatred of free institutions is inborn and unconquerable; whose daily language against an amended Constitution and a patriotic Congress is both calculated and designed to "set on fire of hell" the passions of the ignorant whites under their control; who are to be held strictly responsible for the cowardly assassination of multitudes of loyal Unionists, and the atrocious murder of thousands of helpless, unoffending freedmen; and who, smarting under their inglorious defeat, are waiting with bloodhound eagerness to glut their appetite for revenge, and once again to "let slip the dogs of war" under more promising circumstances? Yes; this is the spectacle now presented to the nation and the world! The living John Quincy Adams is at this time on the soil of South Carolina—the state which has been pre-eminent for its contempt and vilification of his native commonwealth—addressing rebel audiences in such a manner as to obtain their loudest yells of approbation, and to kindle anew their hopes and expectations of a grand victory over the loyal forces of the country in November! He is there by special invitation of the rebel leaders in Charleston, the most prominent of whom is the notorious Wade Hampton, formerly the largest Southern slaveholder in the number of his human chattels, and the very embodiment of the Rebellion in itself; who recently announced in a rabid speech that the result of the election of Seymour "would be a more rapid traveling of carpet-baggers from the South than was ever before known in the history of this country"—meaning the driving out, by a brutal process, of all loyal Unionists from the North. This fire-eater flattered and enticed his Massachusetts victim by the assurance that his arrival in Charleston, to subserve the cause so dear to all unsubdued rebel hearts, would "send an electric thrill from one end of the country to the other!" The lost descendant received a warm ovation, and made his opening speech, in the course of which "he expressed his surprise at the condition of the Southern people, and his pleasure at finding that no animosity existed between the whites and blacks." The blacks, indeed, cherish no animosity in their breasts, and their forbearance under ceaseless provocation is truly wonderful; but as for the whites, to affirm that they are not inimical to the blacks, in all that pertains to their rights and liberties as American citizens, is to exhibit a face of brass and grossly to insult every intelligent understanding. Behold the associates of this fallen Adams! "The Reconstruction acts are null and void, and shall not stand," says Robert Toombs. "Secession is not dead; it is more alive to-day than ever. I support Blair because he promises a revolution," says Henry A. Wise. "By the election of Seymour and Blair, all the Confederacy fought for will be won," says Gov. Vance. "I have been a Democrat all my life, and drew my sword against the old flag, which had become a flaunting lie; and I have come here to ratify and rejoice with you in the nomination of Seymour and Blair," says the pirate Semmes. And to all these declarations Wade Hampton says amen. "Birds of a feather flock together." Mr. Adams will indicate some respect for the memory of his venerated grandsire, and for the state which gave him birth, by taking up his abode permanently in the Palmetto State. He is a blot upon the Adams escutcheon; and must not complain that, having joined himself to a party which gathers to itself the most seditious, desperate, and depraved elements in the land, he is regarded as unworthy of the respect or confidence of upright men. As the aspiring candidate of the Democratic party in Massachusetts for the chair of the chief magistrate, he will have pronounced such a verdict at the polls against him, in November, as freemen know how to give, and such as is called for by such a lamentable case of ANCESTRAL DEBASEMENT.

* "From the instant that your slaveholding states become the theater of a war—civil, servile, or foreign—from that instant the war powers of Congress extend to interference with the institution of slavery in every way by which it can be interfered with."—*Speech of Mr. Adams, in Congress, May 25th, 1836.*

ROLAND.

BY B. R. GILL.

A foolish creature, full of fears,
He trembled for his fate,
And stood aghast to feel the earth
Swing round her dizzy freight.

With timid foot he touched each plan,
Sure that each plan would fail;
Behemoth's tread was his, it seemed,
And every bridge too frail.

No glory of the night or day
Lit any crown for him;
The tranquil past but breathed a mist
To make the future dim.

The world—his birthright—seemed a cell,
An iron heritage;
Man a trapped creature, left to die
Forgotten in his cage.

In every dark he held his breath,
And warded off a blow;
While at his shoulder still he sought
Some tagging ghost of woe.

Spying the thorns, but not the flowers,
Through all the blossoming land,
He hugged his careful heart, and shunned
The path on either hand.

The buds that broke their hearts to give
New odors to the air
He saw not; but he caught the scent
Of dead leaves everywhere.

Till on a day he came to know
He had not made the world;
That, if he slept, as when he ran,
Each onward planet whirled.

He knew not whence the vision fell,
Only all things grew plain—
As if some thatch broke through and let
A sunbeam cross his brain.

In beauty flushed the morning light,
With blessing dropt the rain,
All creatures were to him most fair,
Nor anything in vain.

He breathed the space that links the stars,
He rested on God's arm—
A man unmoved by accident,
Untouched by any harm.

The weary doubt if all is good,
The doubt if all is ill,
He left to Him who leaves to us
To know that all is well.

THE WORD "WHITE" IN THE IOWA STATE CONSTITUTION.

BY EDWARD RUSSELL.

THE existing constitution of the State of Iowa was adopted by a convention chosen by the people for that purpose, on the 5th day of March, 1857; and was ratified by popular vote on the third day of August following. These dates show that the instrument had its origin and ratification after the establishment of the Republican party. That party had previously, in August and November, 1856, won its first victories in Iowa; electing Elijah Sells secretary of state and Messrs. Curtis and Davis to Congress, and casting its electoral vote for Fremont and Dayton, backed by a plurality of 7,784 over Buchanan. It had also secured a controlling majority in the constitutional convention; and the constitution framed by that convention was popularly regarded as a party measure. So that the 40,311 votes cast for its ratification were nearly all from Republicans; while the 38,631 opposing ballots were, with few exceptions, from Democrats only. Yet this Republican constitution was, in all its provisions affecting popular freedom, only a transcript of the purely partisan Democratic instrument it superseded. The Democratic constitution, framed in May, 1846, when Iowa was helplessly under Democratic rule, had declared, in the first section of its first article: "All men are, by nature, free and independent, and have certain *un*alienable (the orthography of the instrument) rights; among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty, acquiring, possessing, and protecting property, and pursuing and obtaining safety and happiness." Precisely the same fundamental declaration of rights was made to constitute the opening sentences of the Republican constitution of 1857, with a single change in substituting *equal* for "independent" as the eighth word, and a correction of "*un*" to *in*alienable. But the promise of the new constitution thus made to the ear was broken to the hope. Its pretentious championship of Equal Rights was but a hollow mockery. The Republican instrument, just as did the old one framed by Democratic authority, rigorously hedged up the highway of justice and liberty, and at every possible point set up the "white" barricade in the interest of slavery and caste. In this respect the new was neither better nor worse than the old; except that, in a special clause in the schedule, provision was made for submitting to popular vote, when the constitution itself should be presented for ratification, a proposition to strike the word "white" from the article relating to suffrage. The required vote was had August 3, 1857, and resulted in a total of 8,207 ballots in favor of the proposed striking out, to 40,518 against; with one county—Cedar—reported (officially) only as casting "284 votes for and against." These figures seem to show that, if, as is certain, all the Democratic votes were thrown against impartial suffrage, 10,917 of the Republican votes were included in the aggregate. But this tells only part of the story. While all who were in favor of the striking out voted accordingly, many of the opposition were content, in view of its certain defeat, not to vote at all. Thus the actual opposition majority was 70,783, instead of only 41,841; inasmuch as the total vote on the constitution, for and against its ratification, was 78,992, while only 8,207 votes were given for Equal Rights. The strength of the ruling spirit of caste is also shown in the indifference with which the result was received. The vote was not, and is not to this day, reported in any published statistical record—not even in the professed *official* statements of votes had at the several elections; and I am indebted to the courtesy of the deputy secretary of state, Mr. W. H. Fleming, in response to a direct application, for the vote of every county in the state at that time on the word "white," now before me. It will enable interesting comparisons after the 3d of November.

As thus ratified by the people, under the influence of a public sentiment thoroughly permeated by the spirit of slavery and caste, this Republican constitution really contained, and yet contains, a "white" clause in seven distinct sections, although the odious word is printed six times only. This seven-fold iniquity is legalized, first, in Section 1 of Article 2, which reads: "Every *white* male citizen" . . . "shall be entitled to vote"; second, in Section 4 of Article 3, prohibition is laid on the election of any person as member of the house of representatives "who shall not" . . . "be a free *white* male citizen of the United States"; third, Section 5 of the same Article (3) requires that senators shall "possess the qualifications of representatives as to residence and citizenship"; fourth, by Section 33 of Article 3, the general assembly is directed to cause "enumeration to be made of all the *white* inhabitants of the state"; fifth, in Section 34 of Article 3, it is provided that the number of senators shall be "apportioned among the several counties according to the numbers of *white* inhabitants in each"; sixth, in Section 35 of Article 3, the apportionment of representatives is required to be based on the "numbers of the white inhabitants"; seventh, the first Section of Article 6 provides that "the militia of this state shall be composed of all able-bodied white male citizens," etc.

Of course, the foundation on which rests the whole of this system of wrong and oppression is found in the clause relating to suffrage. Against that, therefore, with singleness of aim and determined purpose, the friends of Equal Rights in Iowa directed their heaviest batteries the instant the close of the war made reconstruction a practical question for the South, and opened up all over the country a full discussion of the fundamental principles of popular government. The first result was that the Republican State Convention, which assembled in Des Moines, June 14th, 1865, after a memorable struggle and one of the most exciting debates ever had in a deliberative political body in Iowa, was induced to amend the platform reported by eleven of the twelve members of the committee on resolutions, by adding to the fourth resolve the words printed in italics in the copy thereof here inserted:

"*Resolved*, That, with proper safeguards to the purity of the ballot-box, the elective franchise should be based upon loyalty to the Constitution and Union, recognizing and affirming the equality of all men before the law; *therefore, we are in favor of amending the constitution of our state by striking out the word 'white' in the article on suffrage.*"

Although the force of this victory for Equal Rights lost somewhat—very much, indeed—of its force during the political campaign which followed, in consequence of the timidity of a few Republican leaders, who chose to excuse, apologize for, and explain away this emphatic action of the state convention, its inevitable effect was to place every Republican elected to the general assembly in October, 1865, squarely on the platform of Equal Rights. Then followed the second victory, in the inauguration, by the general assembly, in April, 1866, of the amendments to the state constitution now pending. Two years later, in March, 1868, came the third triumph—without, however, more than the faintest possible ripple of opposition—in the re-enactment by the twelfth general assembly of the amendments inaugurated by the eleventh. Victory fourth and final awaits only the 3d of November, when the popular vote will ratify the amendments and engraft them on the constitution. The process is necessarily slow. It results from the wise provision of Iowa constitutional law which contemplates only two modes of amending the state constitution, either through the intervention of a convention expressly elected for that purpose, or by the enactment of an amendment by one general assembly, its re-enactment by a subsequent general assembly (meeting at intervals of two years), and final ratification by popular vote.

The amendments thus submitted and now pending, provide for striking out the word "white" where it occurs in the constitution in the first, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh of the clauses hereinbefore enumerated. The second and third of the clauses named (Sec. 4 and 5 of Art. 3) will remain undisturbed. By these the colored citizen of Iowa will be inhibited from election as senator or representative. The retention of these restrictions, as foolish and needless as they are wicked, is due to the yet too prevailing timidity of our politicians. But they are of no practical importance, except as violations of just principle and gratuitous tributes to the hateful spirit of caste. Ten years hence, or earlier, they too will be swept away. Meanwhile, even now, before the pending amendments shall be ratified, there are in Iowa no legal barriers to the election of a colored citizen of Iowa as justice of the supreme court, lieutenant-governor, or governor, were there need or probability of such choice.

It remains only to add that, despite the relentless opposition of the Iowa Democracy, and the much more discreditable as well as infinitely more dangerous recreancy to freedom evidenced by some Republicans—from whom, as would be the leaders of the party, better things should be expected—the amendments *will be ratified*. Iowa is sure for 30,000 majority for Grant and Colfax, and cannot give less than 10,000 majority for Equal Rights and the pending amendments to the state constitution.

DAVENPORT, Sept. 30th, 1868.

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Live Americans.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

IF there is any person existing in this Western Hemisphere who may justly be classed among "live Americans," it is that remarkable man whose name is placed at the head of this brief monograph, but who stand at the foot of the ladder are in the best possible position for rising in the world. Nobody was ever born great. True greatness must be achieved. Commodore Vanderbilt enjoyed excellent advantages for rising in the world. His father was a good, honest, Staten Island farmer, of an honorable Huguenot stock; and, being born near the water, he naturally took to the manly and healthy business of boating—commencing his career in the business which, of all others in this moving country of ours, is least likely ever to suffer from a depression, let what may happen—namely, the transportation of freight and passengers. From carrying passengers between Staten Island and New York in his periangua, he has risen in a perfectly honorable and consistent manner, always guided by an unvarying rule of conduct and a sure instinct, until he has become the manager and almost the proprietor of the three finest and most lucrative railroads in the world. The Hudson River, the Harlem, and New York Central owe their prosperity to his excellent management. To this triad of iron highways might have been added a fourth—the New York and Erie—but for the action of a thoroughly corrupt legislature, which passed a special law to protect knavish speculators and and prevent honest ability from obtaining the control of that always mismanaged road.

The Commodore's rise in the world has been so gradual and so natural, he has so grown in public esteem, that it is not easy to fix upon the point of time when he began to be famous. He has been a local celebrity for some forty years; but it was not until he made his renowned pleasure-trip to Europe, some fifteen years ago, in his steam-yacht, the "North Star," accompanied by his great household, like a mighty monarch, that he became a celebrity in the Old World. The Commodore is not a sensational man. He is as quiet and undemonstrative as General Grant, and as much opposed to making splurgy speeches; but, when he landed at Southampton, he found he had put his foot into a "regular muss." He could not escape the attentions of the wonder-stricken English public; and wherever he went, with his sons and daughters, and his sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, and grandchildren, and secretaries, and chaplain, and histriographer, he found a ready-prepared "ovation" from the first people of

The Independent.

GRANDMA'S NEW KNITTING WORK.

BY MISS AUGUSTA LARNED.

"TALK about cleanin'!" exclaimed Miss Axy; "you're always so slick here, a fly might slip up and break its back. You ought to see our house at hum—brother Hiram's—with four or five gre't strappin' boys, making a hurrah's nest the biggest part o' the time. I kalkerlate that would set you about wild—you folks, so used to quiet and order."

Miss Axy had held her hand on the door-latch for ten minutes, while saying the last word. Her last word was apt to contain the "heft" of her talk, like the postscript to a letter.

"I think I could stand the noise and litter of a little child," replied Patience Pearsall, her face grown shady and wistful-looking, "even if I am particular. We wouldn't grumble at the extra work it would make; would we, Grandma?"

"Lauk, no!" cried Grandma, a round, merry old lady, with all sorts of nice creases about her chin. "A baby is just the neatest kind o' knittin'-work. That's what I keep tellin' Patience," with a sly wink at Miss Axy; "and I wouldn't care if there was a dozen of 'em. I was used to a bouncin' big family, when I was a gal; and I allus enjoyed it. We had gin'ral trainin' every day in the year, at hum." The very recollection made Grandma laugh, with a suppressed, inward rumble, that shook her all over, but did not materially alter the expression of her jovial face. "I should lose my high sperits," she continued, when her merriment would again let her speak, "if Patience wasn't so good to bear with all my old-time ways and notions."

"Fy, Grandma!" cried Patience; "it's you that are good to me, and keep me always cheered up. Everybody says," turning to Miss Axy, "that Grandma's better company than half the young folks going. She's so spry and fresh in her feelings."

"Wal," replied Miss Axy, "I can't say I think either on ye objects of charity. Hiram's wife'll be mightily tickled with this mince pie, it comes so in the nick of time; because last baking-day she was too busy on the boys' new jackets to cook anything extra. I'll send back the plate and napkin by Joel, in the morning; so good night." And at last Miss Axy took her spare figure out of the doorway.

It was just at sunset of a March afternoon. A few violet clouds barred the windy red of the horizon.

Patience looked down the road, through the bare tree-branches, as she paused a moment while fastening the heavy wooden blinds that protected the sitting-room windows. The wasted, consumptive looking piles of snow in corners of the door-yard, the yellowish, sodden grass about the edges of the peony-bed, the naked stems of lilac and snow-ball bushes, spreading out like fingers from the palm of a hand, she saw, and yet saw not.

"Nathan will be very late to-night," said she, at last, as if speaking her thoughts.

"Sakes alive!" returned Grandma, from her warm nook by the fire, "I guess he will. That piece of road over Rinkney Ridge is always a hard pull; and this time o' year, with the heft he'll have on, the horses ought by good rights to walk every step o' the way."

"It's a cold, hungry ride," said Patience, putting fresh wood into the stove. "I'm so glad I've got that pot-pie saved for his supper. Something hearty relishes after a long day in the wind."

"Such things make men vally their homes," returned Grandma, with an immense sense of comfort and snugness.

Patience stepped around, quiet, neat, deft, and purposeful. She was thinking of her husband's cheer, and it made the blood glow very warm about her heart. Every little care was attended to: the lantern was brought from the cellar-way and placed upon the table; Nathan's old, easy leather pumps, trodden down smooth at the heel and marked about the toes with all the peculiarities of the owner's joints, were put under the stove-hearth, to toast through and through.

"It's a lucky thing we got tea out of the way early," remarked Patience; "for now we shall have a long evening, in which to finish that magazine story."

"Oh! sartin," cried Grandma. "I'm no gre't hand for novils; but I'll be whipped if I wouldn't like to know how the herowine, Sylvie, or whatever her name is, comes out. She was in a peck o' trouble when last heard from."

Patience took a large kerosene lamp from off the "mantletree," as Grandma called it, with chimney burnished as bright as crystal. Once lit, and its rays softened by a green paper shade, the snug room came out pleasantly. It was wainscoted and painted lead color up to the high small windows, curtained with old-fashioned dimity of the most spotless hue. The wooden chairs were originally stiff and formal. In some houses they would have been anxious-seats and stools of repentance; but Patience had contrived for them cushions, with here and there a touch of warm color, from some cast-off dress, had abridged their long legs, and put on what Nathan called pantalets. One slim, high-backed rocker there was, that resembled a confirmed old maid. It had a padded back, and always gave a certain snappish jerk in the rear when any one tried to sit down. Grandma's chair was of the kind called splint-bottomed! It had round, stiff arms; but nevertheless looked almost as merry and jovial as Grandma herself. The bottom was covered with a medley of patchwork, made in what in old times was known as full-cloth, and edged with a very antiquated style of worsted fringe.

Everything was just as neat as wax where Patience Pearsall reigned. The rag-carpet, the braided rug of the same material before the fire, the ancient blue-and-white spread under the table—used as a crumb-cloth—the printed oil-cloth table-cover, the old clock in the corner, Nathan's file of the *Weekly Tribune* near at hand, the almanac, and a small shelf of books, all took on a kind of homely grace, from the nicety of her arrangement.

In the very sunniest window—where roses grew bold, and pushed in their pretty faces, when June came—stood a purple petunia, twining over a green wire frame; and one great, robust fish geranium, just now putting out some scarlet bloom. This bit of verdure was the one poem of the room, which Patience Pearsall's gray eyes read o'er and o'er lovingly each day, as if every flower and bud were a word of exceeding sweetness.

In what was called Nathan's corner stood a generous, chintz-covered lounge, stuffed with feathers; too wide to sit upon, but the most delicious snoozing-place in the world. When Nathan took his Sunday-afternoon nap, with back and shoulders fitted accurately to the inequalities of the old lounge, he could look up and admire his row of presidents, hanging against the wall, in pine frames painted a funereal black. Most of these worthies appeared to be suffering from an acute attack of colic or tooth-ache; but this fact did not in the least disturb Nathan's enjoyment of them as works of art.

Now, curled up on the cushion of the lounge, lay a fat, wheezy, old yellow cat, that woke out of a doze every few minutes to sneeze, and lick with a long red tongue the remotest hillock of her hunched-up back.

I don't know how many times Dinah had sneezed, or how many times the old clock had struck with a shrewish, positive sound, as much as to say, "Contradict me, if you dare!" when there came three distinct raps on the square-room door. Most of the apartments in the farm-house that opened at all outward did so distinctly upon the weather, with the brief introduction of one or two wooden steps. Now, when this knock came upon the square-room door, which was mostly a closed orifice in winter and early spring, as the generality of people found their way round to kitchen or sitting-room, both Patience and Grandma looked a little startled.

"It beats the old tinker," said Grandma. "What arrent can bring us a visitor at this time o' night."

"Perhaps Rafe Bloodgett's boy is worse," remarked Patience, taking up the lamp to go and obey the summons.

"Luddy," said Grandma. "I guess Bloodgett's folks have run here enough for a week past to know which is the right door. I'll just hobble on after ye; for they say, in case of danger, two is better than one, even if one is a spavined old creature, a good deal stiffer in the joints than she was fifty year ago." Grandma chuckled merrily over her own infirmities, as if they were too ridiculous to be considered as anything but jokes.

"Danger," repeated Patience, catching at the word. "What possible danger can there be?" But, with an unpleasant vision of drunken stragglers and crazy men, she went back and took up the tongs. Accordingly, with Grandma limping on behind, and the tongs held a little in the folds of her dress, Patience opened the square room door, that gave a discreet company creak, and then proceeded to unlock the outside portal. The unheard-of disturbance to which it was subjected brought some harsh, rasping groans; but, after a number of stout pulls, the door flew open—on nothing!

Patience started back with a half scream. "Granther Grievous!" cried Grandma, catching hold of her daughter's shoulder. "What's the matter?"

Their frightened faces peered out into the mysterious emptiness. There were some spectral tree-branches, and a glimpse of the sober night-sky seen through them. Patience was about to shut the door in a hurry, and double lock it, when a small bundle, near a pile of unmelted snow that filled the shadiest angle of the little porch, attracted her notice.

"I see something," whispered Patience, with white lips, "lying there near the steps."

"A man, did you say?" returned Grandma.

"No, it ain't large enough for that."

"Poke it, and see if it stirs."

The suggestion was a good one. Patience poked the bundle with the end of the tongs, standing a good bit off, and not a little scared. The touch seemed to inspire her with courage; for she stooped down, before Grandma hardly knew what she was about, and took the roll in her arms. Something inside began to kick and wriggle quite briskly.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Patience, "this feels like a nest of squirming kittens. But I'm bound now to see what it is."

Even before she finished speaking, a smothered cry from an infant's voice told the story.

"Land alive!" cried Grandma, raising her hands into the air. "If somebody hain't dropped a baby on our door-step!"

Patience, meanwhile, in a state of intense excitement, ran with her burden into the warm sitting-room; and, as fast as ten nervous fingers would allow, undid the wraps, assisted by the little prisoner's hands and feet, who evidently had an ardent desire to "scratch out."

"What are we a comin' to! What are we a comin' to!" Grandma kept saying, as she waved the lamp wildly about, quite unconscious that the chimney was smoking terribly.

"I guess we're comin' to a baby," returned Patience.

And sure enough, after a moment of fumbling, out popped the prettiest baby-face you ever saw. The large brown eyes blinked and filled with tears, the rose-bud lip was made up to cry. "It's no joke," thought baby, "to be almost suffocated, and then unceremoniously dropped on a cold door-step." But, seeing those kind faces bent above her, the little girl, with the wisdom of eight or ten months, sensibly changed her mind, and began to crow and laugh.

I wish I had time to tell you all Grandma's merry, delighted exclamations; all the tender, confused thoughts that filled the mind of good Patience; and all that baby's charms. Of course, the child was examined curiously from head to foot. Such darling hands and feet, and such a beautiful baby form, is not seen every day. Its clothes were of the poorest, scantiest kind, though clean. "Why," said Patience, feeling down into the little white bosom, under a faded calico slip, "here's a note!" It ran thus:

"*Deer Lady*:—I know your kind heart will dispond at onct to the apele i mak on behaf uv this orphin chile. She is without payrents, alone on erth. Her name is Permilly. Her distraction is good, and nothing to blush for. If you offer a assilum to the fatherless, Gaud will reward you. (Signed) a friend tu humanity."

It was written on a greasy, rumpled piece of paper, in a very scrawly hand. Patience scrutinized it closely, with certain misgivings of the heart, that resolved themselves into "What will Nathan say?" As for Grandma, she was made. Her new knitting-work had come to town. She patticaked and trotted, crooned and talked baby-talk, as if the care of infants had been her steady business through life. There was nothing like it, when the little stranger laughed, and displayed her five "toooses."

Of course, she was fed twice as much bread-and-milk as was good for her; and, in proof of the same, went right off to sleep.

"Nathan will be coming along pretty soon," remarked Patience, rather anxiously, as she hovered around, stealing a kiss now and then, from Grandma's lap. Hadn't I better lay her down on my bed, and break the news gradually?"

Grandma saw the wisdom of this measure. So the little sleeping stranger was laid as snugly in its nest of blankets and quilts as a field-mouse in its pocket. The tucking-up process was just finished when came the rumble of a lumber-wagon to the door, and Nathan's voice, calling, "Hullo, there! a light!" Patience pressed one more kiss on baby's cheek, and then hurried out to wait on Nathan.

It took him half an hour to unload and put out the horses. When he came into the sitting-room, he did not say much at first. It wasn't his way. Grandma tried to be very lively and "chipper," as she said; but inside her dear old bosom was a fluttering heart. Nathan merely drew up a chair to the stove, and spread his large red hands over the heat. He was a tall man, tanned and freckled, with straight brown hair, almost the color of his neck.

Patience hurried round, setting out his supper of smoking pot-pie and other toothsome dishes, such as her skillful hands knew how to concoct. "Any news?" asked Nathan, hitching up to the table with the zest of a hungry man. Patience looked at Grandma, and Grandma looked back at Patience. The baby's peaceful breathing could almost be heard through the open bed-room door.

"Nathan," said Patience laying her hand on her husband's shoulder, "we've had a present."

"'Spose Uncle Zeke's sent that barrel of russets he promised," remarked Nathan, calmly, with his mouth very full of pot-pie.

"No. Something better than that."

Nathan did not glance up in surprise, or say another word for some time. It was not his way. He kept methodically introducing to his mouth larger and larger fragments of pot-pie; and, when they began to diminish in size, simply raised his head, and said, "Wal?"

"Come here, Nathan." His wife's voice was instinctively coaxing. "Bring the light." Nathan looked puzzled now; but he obeyed, and followed Patience into the bed-room. With tremulous fingers and a fast-beating heart she turned down one corner of the quilt. There, in its warm nest, the moist hair printing its rosy cheek, one little fist doubled up, the other hand decorously spread upon its breast, lay that most enchanting of all pictures to a loving woman's eyes—a sleeping baby.

"Isn't it lovely, Nathan?"

"I suppose so; but I ain't much of a judge. Where in the dickens did it come from?"

"Now, don't look cross, Nathan," (Patience put her two hands on her husband's shoulders) "when I tell you it was left at the door, about nine o'clock this very evening. Here is a note that came with it; and now you are as wise as I am."

Nathan took the note; and as he read his face darkened.

"Its a mean, pesky, low-lived, underhand trick," he broke out, at last. "I won't stand imposition—no, not by a jugful; and this looks plaguey like it. You ought not to have touched the child, when you found out what it was. But you let your feelin's run away with your judgment, I 'spose, as wimmin generally do!"

"O Nathan! would you have had us leave the little creature out in the cold?"

"Its tramp of a mother was on the watch, I'll be bound. Not a mite o' danger of the child's suffering! You see how it would be if we were fools enough to keep the young one: she'd be coming back and claiming it, one of these days, to make us 'fork over.'"

There was nothing that touched Nathan in his tenderest part like the probability of being forced to "fork over."

Patience could not speak; tears filled her eyes, and a choking sensation came up into her throat.

"I suppose you are right, Nathan," she faltered, at last. "But I have longed and prayed for a baby ever since we lost that little one, you know, before it learned to breathe. It was a great disappointment. The coming of this little helpless stranger seemed precious and providential. She's a perfect beauty, when awake; and such a winning, good-natured darling. But I suppose I must make up my mind to send her away."

"Now don't be in a pucker," said Nathan, rather snappishly. "The child must stay here to-night, of course; and to-morrow we'll see what's best to be done."

It was Nathan's way to put off things; and, besides, it gave him a singular, all-overish sensation to see Patience cry.

That night the grown folks did not sleep as soundly as common. Nathan would have secretly rejoiced if the little foundling had set up what he called a "yawp," to make the women sick of their bargain. But the darling slept as sweetly on her improvised bed as if she had been cradled in roses. Very early next morning, however, she was awake, crowing and laughing, with arms beating up and down, like the wings of a bird.

"Hunkey dory!" cried Grandma, as she sat dressing the new comer, near a window all glorified with sunlight." This is the way you looked, Nate, when a little shaver. You was a spunky chap; but she's jest as mild as milk. Come and heft the child. She's solid, with plenty of spring to her; and I do think she takes an oncommon sight of notice for her age. Grandma, beaming all over, held out the little one toward her son.

"No, no, mother, I ain't no hand to tend babies," replied Nathan, fighting shy. He could not trust himself, if those little chubby hands got to patting his face and twining themselves in among his heart-strings.

"I always thought you took naturally to children," said Grandma, looking up over her specs, a little damped.

"I ain't in such a twitter about 'em as some folks are," he replied, rather crossly. "They're troublesome, noisy little imps, any way you can fix it. Patience, it seems to me you're awfully behindhand with your breakfast. Get away from under foot, you blasted ——." He almost kicked old Dinah over while he spoke.

At breakfast everybody looked glum—quite contrary to the custom, which brought each face to the table wreathed with smiles. Nobody seemed to be quite at ease, except the baby; and she, it is safe to say, was twice as happy as a basket of chips when Patience sat her down upon the carpet, and gave her for playthings some spools strung upon a cord, and the biscuit-cutter.

Nathan savagely hoped that she would commit some unpardonable offense, and make herself a nuisance; but the little creature's good-nature was imperturbable. There she sat, blubbering, sputtering in a jolly way to herself, rattling the string of empty spools, and stretching out her plump legs on the carpet.

Grandma's high spirits were not quite proof against the cloud that hung over Nathan like a thunder-squall, and dissolved to tender April showers in Patience's face. When Nathan was mentally disturbed, or had a "tough trade" to think over, he generally whittled a good deal into the kitchen wood-box. There he was, with head down, letting out some tall links on an ash splinter, when Patience came, and, laying her hand gently on his arm, said, with as much composure as she could command:

"Nathan, have you decided what's to be done with the child?"

"Tain't no use to get into a stew," replied he, with a good deal of impatience. "You can keep her, on a pinch, for a day or two, can't ye?"

"Yes; only, every hour she is with me will make it the harder to put her away."

"Wal, then," said Nathan, not noticing the end of her remark, "wait till I git ready to go to Tuttle's, after grass-seed. Tuttle's is on the way to the poor-house, and it will save me a journey a purpose. I swow!" he added, as an excuse for his hardness, "I won't be imposed upon, no-how."

Patience turned away, with troubled face, and went vigorously to work on some little frocks and other garments, to supply the baby's most pressing needs, for it was destitute of a single change of clothing. She was glad of any occupation for her fingers, to deaden the dull ache in her heart; for hour by hour the child crept closer, and made a warmer nest in her affections.

The days of a week slipt by. Grandma's high spirits seemed less and less effective in lifting the cloud that hung over the little household. Nathan whittled a great deal, and grew cross and growlish to such a degree that his old mother looked at him more than once with tears in her eyes, wondering at the change that had taken place in her easy, kind-hearted boy—for boy he still was to her. Only the baby seemed to have a thoroughly good, jolly time, with her playthings and Dinah, whose tail had now become quite used to the liberties of Baby's plump hands.

One bright, pleasant morning, when the lilac buds were beginning to pout a little, Nathan harnessed old Maje to the one-horse wagon, drove round to the door, got out slowly, hitched the horse, and came in with a set, hard look upon his face.

"I'm going to Tuttle's, Patience. You'd better git yourn and the child's traps on, and go along as far as the poor-house. 'Tain't no use spinning out things much longer; and I'll be blowed before I'll put up with imposition!"

Patience broke right down, and sobbed hard into her apron. Grandma, after telling Nathan the same as that she considered him a heartless brute, flying in the face of Providence, got up and hobbled out of the room. The baby, sitting on the carpet, knit her pretty brows, and looked up to see what the rumpus was, and if she might be expected to cry. But Patience never dreamed of resisting Nathan's will. She arose to go and dress the child. There sat her husband, coolly tilted back in his chair, a whip in his hand, and a soft hat pulled doggedly over his eyes. He tried to whistle; but down deep in his heart there arose a strong suspicion that he was an unmitigated scamp, and deserved horse-whipping.

"You must hold the child, while I go and get ready," said Patience, coming back, with her eyes very red, and baby resplendent in a pink calico frock, her rosy cheeks shining with soap and water, and her moist light hair quirked into all sorts of cunning rings.

"Can't she sit on the floor?" asked Nathan.

"No, she'll soil her dress. I want her to go away from me looking clean and neat." Patience averted her face; but, without further ado, deposited the baby on Nathan's knee, and laid the pretty cloak and cap she had made it on a chair close at hand.

Nathan did not fancy this fix at all; but he could not refuse to crook his arm round the little creature and keep her from tumbling off. The very touch warmed and softened his heart. He whistled louder than ever, and gazed studiously out of the window. Baby did not mind his cold looks a bit. Girl babies rather fancy men; they have such jolly good pockets and an endless succession of buttons.

Accordingly, the little child's hand traveled up and down Nathan's vest, to his watch-cord, where it began tugging stoutly to draw out Nathan's great silver watch, that thumped away inside like the piston of a steam-engine. "Goo-goo-goo!" said baby; "what an obstinate turnip this is." She breathed very hard, but gave it up at last for a bad job. Nathan felt more and more like a scamp every minute; so, half mechanically, he turned, took up the little cap where it lay, and twirled it on his big, red fist. It was of white merino, with a border of soft baby-lace quilled inside.

Our enterprising infant was not to be daunted by man's obstinacy. She stretched up her short arm and felt of Nathan's chin, pulled stoutly at his gingham neck-tie, and undid the bow, with a note of triumph. Then she coaxed his face with all sorts of persuasive pats and touches, until the man's heart, as Nathan himself expressed it, "knocked under" to baby eloquence.

Patience stayed away a long time. Though plain and simple in her dress, this day she seemed to have a vast deal of fixing and prinking up to do. When she came back into the room, Nathan jumped up in a hurry.

"Take this child," said he. "Old Maje is kicking like all possessed. I must run and see what ails the blasted critter!"

Patience glanced out of the window, in some astonishment to see Maje standing stock still. In fact, he was too old and steady-going to do anything else. Her surprise was far greater, however, when she beheld Nathan jump into the wagon, and drive down the road at a smart trot. He was gone two hours; and when he came back his face looked kinder and happier than it had for some time. In the back of the wagon there was a cradle and a high chair. That night he rather sheepishly produced from the depths of his pocket a rattle, an India-rubber ring, and "Mother Goose's Melodies."

Now the geranium is all aflame with scarlet blossoms; and any sunny day, as you drive past, you may see Dinah purring in the window-seat, and Grandma near at hand, holding her new knitting-work. It laughs, crows, and jumps a great deal, and takes all sorts of liberties with Grandma's specs and cap-strings. Every day it grows more and more of a treasure to the household; and would be in a fair way of getting spoiled, if the Lord had not given it such a lovely disposition.

"MORE LIGHT."

BY S. H. BROWNE.

FROM every spot in this old world of ours
Comes up the earnest and perpetual cry—
In gentle pleadings, soft as April showers,
Or thunder-voices, shaking Alpine towers,
And thence re-echoing to the distant sky:
"More Light!"

From Arctic wastes, and those mysterious mains
Where, chilled to death, the ghostly sunbeams fall;
Where the hoar ice-king unresisted reigns,
Forging forever cold and glittering chains,
Resounds at length the universal call:
"More Light!"

From torrid deserts, whose eternal thirst
Remains unslaked, although it drink the seas;
From genial climes, unblighted and uncursed,
Where blooms and odors are in sunlight nursed,
And glowing landscapes every sense must please:
"More Light!"

O "mighty Angel standing in the sun!"*
With heaven-broad pinions of ethereal blue,
Dotted with orbs whose fiery beams have run
For countless years and sumless spaces on,
Nor yet have pierced the awful concave through,
Send Light!

The light of *Truth* to chase the moral night
Which wraps its shadows o'er the human soul;
The light of *Science*, star divinely bright!
The light of *Love*, whose genial rays unite
To gladden, warm, and glorify the whole!
Send Light!

Then this old Earth, regenerate and fair,
Shall mark the dawn of her millennial day;
Then Right and Might in gracious concord bear
The sword which Christ's sweet kingdom shall prepare;
Their watchword still, along the radiant way,
"More Light!"

* Rev., xix, 17.

A CLERGYMAN'S CRITICISMS ON HIS OWN DENOMINATION.

BY REV. G. D. STEWART.

THE object which I had in view in my first communication was to show, from the lack of fruitfulness in our theological seminaries, that the O. S. Presbyterian branch of the Church of Christ was fast being reduced to the stagnation and intellectual barrenness of that Greek Church, whose self-chosen title is "The Orthodox Church," as that of Rome designates itself "The Catholic Church"; or to the narrowness and dullness of some of the minor Presbyterian bodies in our own land, whose chief boast is that they are "witnesses for the truth." And the cause of this barrenness, narrowness of mind, and bigotry is, in these instances, precisely similar. The Greek Church stands firm by the creeds of the first few centuries of the Christian Church, and will not admit that any other branch of the Church which varies even a word from these, as in the case of the celebrated Western addition to the Nicene Creed "*filioque*," can be orthodox, or admitted to fellowship as a Christian church. So some of the minor Presbyterian sects in this country not only hold that the entire Westminster Confession and Catechisms must be believed, in order to be qualified for their communion; but also that a Christian must believe, and practice on the belief, that the Lord Jesus Christ commanded his church to sing the old Hebrew Psalms in their worship, and no other psalms or hymns. And the creed of Dr. Hodge and his party, and especially of the Kentucky and Missouri Presbyterians, is that no one is a sound Old School Presbyterian who does not hold of the Westminster Creeds and Catechisms as the Greek Church holds of its creeds—that they are a full, adequate, and final statement of the whole mystery of God's plan of redemption.

Hence the outcry, made here and abroad, a few years ago, at the address of the celebrated Professor Tulloch, of St. Andrew's, to his students, wherein he stated that the Westminster Standards bore traces of their origin in a compromise between conflicting parties and opinions, and had on them the marks of the Post-Reformation theology of Turretin, and of the Dutch School of the Covenant theology, which had become the fashion among Calvinists in the seventeenth century.

Dr. Tulloch's address favored the revision, not the abolition of the Westminster Symbols; just as it is yearly becoming more evident that there must be a revision of the English version of the Bible, made in the same century.

It was easy to raise an outcry against the learned and able Professor; but no one has refuted his statements, nor those of that still greater, though erratic, theologian, Edward Irving, that in many respects the Westminster Standards had departed for the worse from the earlier Scottish Confessions.

But it is the plan of the hyper-orthodox of our Old School body not only that we must continue to believe that the Westminster Confession is the very crown and perfection of all creeds; but that we must receive a particular interpretation of it, if we would be tinged with the very deepest blue of orthodoxy. The view of imputation which was held by Augustinians before the Reformation; the view of Calvin; of the early Scotch Calvinists; the view of Olshausen, of Ullman; of De Pressensé; of Drs. Shedd, Smith, Fisher, Nevin, Baird; or the particular view of the great Edwards—these are to be written down and branded as heresy in the interest of the especial pet and darling scheme of Princeton theology.

And we who yearn to see a church of Christ before we die, instead of this jumble of sects—we who would save our sons and daughters from being swept into the Episcopal Church by the mere pretense of a church, as a band of distinguished young men have been swept, from under the very eye of Dr. Hodge at Princeton, into that shadow of a church—must wait and wait, with that sickness of the heart that springs from hope deferred, if only Princeton may preserve its dogma of a legal, nominal imputation of sin and righteousness, instead of an imputation founded on our really being in Adam or in Christ. What wonder if the retribution for such trifling should come in the shape of intellectual weakness and barrenness!

Two years ago, during the meeting of the General Assembly at St. Louis, in a conversation with two D.Ds., who are among the most distinguished of our younger clergy, both residents of New Jersey and graduates of Princeton Seminary, one of them made and the other assented to the remark that "the Old School Presbyterian Church was *dying of rigidity!*"

Let me turn away from Princeton, with its silent professors and its waning *Review*, to the other seminaries and the Old School Presbyterian Church in general, and see whether there is any truth in this remark. In the whole church, among those who have grown up in the Old School body since the division, have we any theologian but Dr. A. A. Hodge? Have we one church historian or one writer of commentaries? I do not ask in reference to notes for Sunday-school teachers. I believe we have one or two such writers. I ask for real scholarly works, wherein the profiting of our professors may appear. We know that often our professors are selected without any special qualifications for their posts. Have some of them ever become adepts in the special studies of their chairs? If so, where is the proof? So barren is the O. S. Presbyterian Church of the material for church historians that lately a professor was selected for the chair of church history in one of our theological seminaries because he had written two Sunday-school novelettes on the life of a reformer. And yet the choice was probably a wise one; for no other had shown even so much fitness as he. But, at the same time, we allow one of the very ablest church historians in the world, a minister of a sister Presbyterian church, to carry his great talents, vast acquirements, and lovely Christian character, into another church, because, forsooth, he does not give the right aspirate to our shibboleth! Where are our metaphysicians? When we need one for the presidency of Nassau Hall, to sit in Jonathan Edwards's chair, we send to Belfast for a Scotchman, who will do honor to that chair. Where are our great preachers among the younger men? When a successor is needed to Dr. James Alexander and Dr. Rice, we send to the Green Isle, and pay for the importation more gold by double than most of our city pastors get in greenbacks. When the Presbyterian churches in Scotland and Ireland are all instinct with life; when Guthrie and Frazer are moving for changes in the forms of worship; when McLeod, and Tulloch, and men of like liberal spirit, are opening the way for revision of doctrinal standards, we O. S. Presbyterians, already dying of rigidity, are to build a higher wall than ever out of uncouth theological terms, and make ourselves a very China of immobility and exclusiveness, of self-conceit and bigotry. But we shall not so die. The younger men, who have no remembrances of old feuds to awaken the *odium theologicum*; the older men, who love to repeat that clause of the venerable Apostolic Symbol, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints," and who cannot accept the Princeton gloss on Christ's intercessory prayer, that he did not pray for an outward and visible unity of his people; the wise and thoughtful laymen, who cannot feel the Christian spirit in these quarrels about trifles, and who take the Confession of Faith as a bond of union as to the essential and necessary articles of religion, as President Dickinson did, even if they are styled Broadway elders, by one who has fed so long on the fat blue-grass pastures of Kentucky that he has forgotten the free air of the New England hills on which he was bred—these will save our church from building a new wall of exclusiveness and bigotry, and will open the way for a still wider union among Christian churches.

FOREIGN GLEANINGS.

AT Glasgow, a drunken cabman lately drove his cab into the River Clyde. There were a woman, a man, and child in the cab at the time, and all three were drowned. The driver was rescued.

—According to Mr. W. T. Blanford, the well-known geologist to the Abyssinian expedition, a new emperor has succeeded Theodore. "Gobazzi has had himself crowned Emperor, at Gondar."

—In a young ladies' school near Frone the pupils are allowed to play at cricket. They have a special dress for the purpose, and the best cricketers are said to be almost invariably the best scholars.

—It is said that Mr. Dickens made more than $100,000 in America; and he has just concluded an engagement for 100 farewell readings in England, for which he is to receive £8,000 without risk.

—Two sovereigns have just entered on the twentieth years of their reign—namely, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Italy, who ascended their respective thrones within a few months of each other.

—Four generations have appeared in the same harvest-field in Kent: the great grandfather, at ninety-four; the grandmother, at seventy-two; the father, at forty-nine; and the daughter, at twenty-two.

—One of the innovations in Russia, especially indicative of moral progress and improvement, is the establishment, at St. Petersburgh, of a university for women, where they receive a superior education.

—What would heroes of the Crimean War have done had there been a railway from St. Petersburgh to Odessa? The minister of public works for the latter place states that there will be one at the end of 1869.

—The sale of the *Paris Figaro* in the streets has been forbidden by the French Government. It is stated that the immediate effect of this measure has been to increase the circulation of the paper to the extent of 4,000 copies.

—A Jew, the owner of a house in Wilna, which caught fire, cried out, "Fire, fire!" in the Polish language, the use of which is forbidden in the streets. The next day he was brought up before the magistrate, and fined 25 roubles for violating the law.

—Since the railway fares have been raised, several gentlemen have taken to traveling from the outlying districts to the outskirts of London by the aid of velocipedes. It is stated that one gentleman can propel his velocipede at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

—The area of land under cultivation in the Australasian colonies, according to the last returns, is 2,500,000 acres. And the live stock consists of 600,000 horses, 4,000,000 cattle, 38,500,000 sheep, and 400,000 pigs; giving a total of more than 43,000,000 head of stock.

—A Lyons paper says that peaches are so abundant this year that they can be bought in the markets at the rate of 15 or 20 for one sou, and at that price there are more than can be disposed of. The farmers every market-day are obliged to take back with them baskets full, and cast the contents away.

—The population of Prussia, according to recent government returns, including the duchy of Lauenburg, is 21,013,033; that of the whole Confederation of Northern Germany amounts to 29,953,636; and, including the Confederation of the North and the other states of the Zollverein, they amount to 38,761,231 inhabitants.

—The question whether an "infant" can be a bankrupt was lately argued before an English court; and last week judgment was delivered in the affirmative. His honor held that there was nothing in the act to prevent an infant from availing himself of the law of bankruptcy, if he considered such a course would be for his advantage.

—The Marquis of Bute, who has just entered on his majority and the possession of an annual income of a million and a half of dollars, contradicts the statement of the *Pall Mall Gazette* that he has become a member of the Roman Catholic Church. On the other hand, he has allowed himself to be named vice-president of one of the English evangelical societies.

—Mr. G. Peabody has instructed the jurisconsult, Paul Ladislaus von Buky, to select for him a country seat in the neighborhood of Pesth. The price has been limited by him to 200,000 florins. Mr. Peabody, it is reported, intends to reside part of next year in the Hungarian capital. On his Hungarian estate he will build a large steam-mill, in which only grain for export is to be converted into flour.

—By a return just issued, it appears that on the first of January of this year the number of paupers in receipt of relief, in-door or out-door, in England and Wales (including lunatics and vagrants) was more than one million and forty thousand. In the year ending March 25th, 1867, nearly £7,000,000 was expended for the relief of the poor, or more than half a million in excess of the sum spent during the previous year.

—The Bishop of Oxford, in a late sermon, referred to the "great, strong, hulking men who came to church and were too lazy to kneel." His experience of that diocese extended to a quarter of a century, and its prevailing sin was to treat the Deity as being patronized by them when they came to prayer, and especially so when they came to holy communion. His lordship then denounced the old four-cornered pews as harbors of laziness.

—In one Wiltshire borough the twelve electors who constituted the corporation used to dine together as often as they had to choose a member; and before dinner each man bound himself, by the most solemn oath, to exercise a free and conscientious choice. It is very likely that none of them were really guilty of perjury, though they all knew beforehand that under every one of the twelve cheese-plates which were placed upon the table would be found a fifty-pound note.

—School-boys in Russia hitherto seem to have had a pleasant time of it. According to an official report, just issued, there are established as holidays in Russia, first, the 138 orthodox days of the Christmas, Easter, Whitsun, and Summer vacations; next, 52 Sundays, 30 church and 25 feast days, apart from 10 further "local" free days. Thus there are 255 days to be subtracted in the course of one year, which leaves exactly 110 days for instruction. There is, however, to be a general conference at St. Petersburgh, in October, at which this subject is to be examined and very serious changes introduced.

—A Memel correspondent relates a little incident which shows that the rule of red tape is still all powerful in Russia. On the 9th of August, a fire broke out in a farm-house in a Russian village just across the Prussian frontier. The fire might easily have been confined to one building by a single fire-engine; but, unfortunately, the Russians did not possess such a thing. But aid is near; a fire-engine from a neighboring Prussian village comes rattling to the rescue, and in ten minutes can be in full play. It reaches the barrier at the frontier; but, alas! the firemen have no passport. A second house takes fire, and soon afterward a third; but, of course, no Russian official who is worth his salt could be guilty of such an impropriety as to let the engine pass before all forms had been complied with. And a second engine meets with the same difficulties as the first. At last everything is in order, the necessary permission has been obtained from the authorities, and the engines are allowed to pass; and no doubt they would have done good service, had not, unfortunately, the whole village, with the exception of three houses, been burned down in the meantime.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

THE celebrated missionary Schwartz spent nearly fifty consecutive years in his work in Southern India; but in his numerous letters he never once makes mention of any discomforts of life in the tropics.

—The *Missionary Herald* for October contains a remarkably interesting account of a sermon on Tithes, by Blind Hohannes, of Harpoot. It will do good in a more western longitude than that of Eastern Turkey.

—The London Missionary Society has its training institution at Highgate, the Church Missionary Society has a similar institution at Islington, and the Baptist Missionary Society has the same at Regent's Park; and through these mainly their supply of missionaries is kept up.

—The missionary ship "Evening Star," built in 1861, by the Sabbath-school children of California, for the Gilbert Islands, has been sold; and is replaced by a whole fleet of boats, with one of which each station is to be supplied. These are found to be much more useful, and, indeed, indispensable.

—The following are the results of the London Missionary Society's labors in Madagascar, since they were allowed to return in 1861: 90 churches, with 5,255 members and 462 candidates, with congregations of 13,600 persons, in a Christian community of about 20,000 individuals. There are 101 pastors in and out of the city, and the people have erected nearly a hundred simple chapels during the last five years, at their own expense. The society is urging entire self-support on the churches.

—The Protestants of Mardin, in Eastern Turkey, have lately suffered severely from the malign influence of a new Papal patriarch. They were imprisoned on a false charge, shockingly beaten for refusing to pay unjust exactions, compelled to do the hardest and dirtiest work, each man committed to two brutal soldiers. Old men, long unused to labor, were loaded with stones and water till they fell in the streets, and then unmercifully beaten. Finally, they were released from confinement on payment of an exaction of 20,000 piasters.

—The missionaries of the American Board laboring among the Dakotas report gratifying progress. At the Santee agency there are 367 members, and also an Episcopal mission. At the Yankton agency a strong current is setting in favor of education and the Gospel. Near Wadsworth, Dakota Territory, four churches have been organized, and two men licensed to preach and another ordained. One of the churches has lately received an accession of 50 members. The disappearance of the buffalo is compelling the Indians to assume the habits of civilization.

—The American missionaries in Oroomiah are urging more active prosecution of Christian labor in Persia. Nestorian colporteurs have been sent to various parts of that country, including Teheran, Ispahan, and Tabreez, and find much encouragement. Tabreez is the commercial center, and has 3,000 resident Armenians, and a large floating population of Russo-Armenian traders. Two Mussulmans of Ispahan have lately professed Christianity. One of the colporteurs writes from Teheran:

"Here we remained twenty-three days, enjoying numerous opportunities for religious conversation. On the Sabbath we preached at the house of our host, and in a Nestorian's room in another quarter. The Armenians of Teheran are much more enlightened and more liberally disposed than those of Ispahan. Many of them called on us, and expressed an earnest desire to have a preacher sent them. The call for books was greater than our exhausted stock could supply, and they were very importunate that we should send them a quantity at an early date."

—The total amount of contributions received by the American Board in the month of August was $142,664 29, making the total for the year $527,164 21. This is the largest contribution that the Board has ever received in a single year, and that for the last month was about one-quarter of the whole. Among the noteworthy contributions of August we find $2,000 from St. Johnsbury, Vt.; $1,000 from the First church of Pittsfield, Mass.; $7,000 from Boston; $1,000 from the South church of Springfield; $1,664 from Whitinsville, Mass.; $1,000 from the Pearl-street church, Hartford; $1,000 from the Madison-square Presbyterian church, New York; $1,000 from Cumberland-

The Children's Column.

AN AFTERNOON ON THE MILL-POND.

BY HENRIETTA P. ATKINSON.

ONE pleasant day in August, Fanny and I went down to the mill-pond for water-lillies. We went into the mill on our way, to ask Tom and Charley Waters if we might have their boat.

"Oh! yes," they said; adding, after a doubtful look at us, "the pond is pretty low this dry weather. I guess you won't get drowned."

"No danger," answered Fanny, with a toss of her pretty head; "I can row."

Tom brought the oars out of their hiding-place, and Fanny and I each shouldered a pair, and went along the "Water Privilege," as Charley called the canal up to the pond. There lay the boat, tied to a birch tree. It wasn't a very handsome craft; but what could one expect? The boys made it themselves, after work-hours, down in their cellar; their only tools a hatchet and a hammer. It was a flat-bottomed, unpainted scow, which leaked a little. No matter; there was a tin pail on board, which leaked more, but would serve to bail it out.

As we were unfastening the chain, there came along the path by the waterside a little man, with great spectacles and a large tin box. It was Prof. Budd, the botanist, a man of few words; an odd, absent-minded philosopher, who would have passed us unnoticed by had not Fanny gayly hailed him, and invited him to row with us. I think she was much surprised at his immediate acceptance of her invitation. He merely said, "Thank you, I see some *Utricularia* yonder"; and placed himself and his box at the stern of the rudderless scow.

"I must make you aware," I said, "to what inexperienced rowers you are trusting yourself. I have come down to take my first lesson of Fanny, who is herself a novice in the art."

"The water is not deep," he said, with a smile, betaking himself immediately to the minute observation of the water-weeds, from which our clumsy boat was slowly disentangling itself, as Fanny poled away from the bank.

Close to the shore grew the Arrowheads, with milk-white flowers on their succulent stems; and, further out, *Pontederia*, with its bluish-purple spikes. But these were too common to attract his notice much. A small, star-like white blossom seemed to please him more. He gathered it, and stowed it in his tin box.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Floating Heart," he answered; wasting no precious Latin upon our ignorance.

"What a pretty name!" cried Fanny; "and appropriate too, for the leaves are perfect little hearts floating on the water. Hold your oars even," she called to me. "Why, how you row! One oar you flourish in the air, and with the other you dig up the very bottom of the pond."

Corrected and directed by such little hints, I speedily improved in rowing; though occasionally one oar *would* come up out of the pond, and make its useless stroke above the surface, and then the other would slip out of my hand perhaps, and occasion a digression in our course in pursuit of it.

Meanwhile, the Professor was indifferent to such trifles, being entirely absorbed in his researches. Once he almost upset us by a sudden dive to one side; when, plunging his arm up to the elbow in the pond, he drew out in triumph a slimy green thing, which he was about to deposit in his box, when we once more asked:

"What is it?"

"Brook Sponge," he replied.

"What! real live sponge!" I exclaimed. "I thought sponge was found only in salt water."

"This is very different from the common sponge," he said; "but it is a real sponge, notwithstanding."

It was a straight piece, a little longer and slenderer than my finger, somewhat unfragrant, and by no means beautiful. Fanny made a face at it, and the Professor instantly hid the treasure in his box.

Another plunge brought forth a long, branched, green plume, dripping and clinging together like sea-weed.

"Another sponge?" asked Fanny.

"No, Hornwort," he said, passing it on for inspection.

Fanny shook the water out of it.

"This is pretty," she said. "Does it blossom?"

"It has very small, inconspicuous flowers," he replied; "but there are none on this specimen."

"There!" cried Fanny to me, "now you are rowing better. We are getting on finely. We begin really to keep some sort of time!"

"Wait a minute, please, ladies," interrupted the Professor. "Here is the *Utricularia*," and he gathered the floating yellow blossoms with great interest.

"What did you call it?" I asked.

"*Utricularia*, or Bladderwort," he said. "See the small bladders on the leaves, which float the plant."

"What an idea!" cried Fanny. "The creature pulls itself up by the roots, puts on its life-preserver, and swims off, keeping its yellow head out of water to see us, I suppose."

"It never had much root," said the matter-of-fact Professor.

Our oars were becoming entangled among the lily-pads; so we shipped them, and drew the boat around by pulling the lily-stems. Soon we had a fragrant pile of large buds in our boat, with some wide-open flowers, too old to close at noon like the rest. The Professor gathered also some of the ugly yellow frog-lilies.

"Now let us go round the island, up-stream, a little way," said Fanny; and we pushed our scow away from the lilies again. "Why," she exclaimed, "the willows have all blossomed out with pink flowers!"

The Professor laughed heartily. Fanny looked surprised, but by no means disconcerted. She, of course, did not understand that to the Professor the idea of willows bursting into the profuse rosy bloom before us, to which she referred, was as incongruous as that of Woolly Horse or Bearded Lady. The last time we had been at the pond, Fanny and I had much admired what we took to be some kind of low willow, which grew abundantly on the marshy islands of the pond, their leafy stems, six or eight feet long, curving over and dipping their tips in the water. Now they were full of flowers.

"It is the swamp Loosestrife," said the Professor; "a truly beautiful plant. And this is the Lizard's Tail, covering this mud-flat, a little out of flower now, but some of it is pretty still; and he plucked one as the boat passed, and handed it to me. It was a graceful plant, with large heart-shaped leaves, and a long slender spike of white flowers, drooping over to one side, like the heavy ears of wheat.

"O what is this yellow snarl of threads, with he little white beads on it?" exclaimed Fanny. "O how odd and lovely! What a pretty net it would make." And she fastened a mass of it over her light brown hair, adding to the size of her chignon by the thickness of the golden tangle, dotted with white.

"It is Dodder," said the Professor; "a parasite which lives upon the juices of these stems of the Decodon; and your white beads are the flowers. It needs neither root nor leaf.

"I suppose it is very mean of it to steal its living," said Fanny; "but, it is so pretty, I will forgive that small delinquency."

In the next little bay into which we ran our boat Fanny found a new adornment—the brilliant scarlet Cardinal Flower. Here a sluggish stream flowed into the pond; and, by accident or design, our boat was soon between its narrow banks. As there was not room to turn round, and we had to pole out again backward, our little expedition up Mud Creek did no good to any one but the Professor, who was delighted to find two of his friends, *Udora* and *Vallisneria*, growing at the bottom and stretching up their flowers to the surface, the former by means of its long calyx-tube, and the latter by a spiral coil of stem, which was very pretty. A hundred white, delicate spirals slanted down the slow stream at the same angle, and uncoiled as our clumsy craft raised the water in the narrow creek, so as to keep the white flowers always just on the surface.

The exertion of poling out of the creek warmed us well; and we took refuge on the shady side of the pond, where great trees hung over the water, making lovely bowers, haunted by the gnat and mosquito. The sweeping branches did us mischief, however; for they dragged Fanny's blue-and-white striped shawl, and the Professor's precious box, off the boat into the water. The floating shawl was easily regained; but the box lay under three or four feet of water.

"What can we do?" I asked.

"Oh!" said the Professor, "that is nothing. A bath will be very pleasant this afternoon. Land me here, ladies, and continue your voyage; and I will presently recover my box.

So we left him under the trees, and made our way back around the island, where we were lost to his view. We paid no more attention to the flowers; but devoted ourselves to our rowing, till suddenly we perceived a heavy cloud coming up.

"We had better make for shore," said Fanny.

We accordingly tried to do so; but the boat was heavy with water, and we had to bail it out before we could make much headway.

"See!" cried Fanny, "how my skirts have been soaking. I thought they were safe out of the way of mischief; and here I have been sitting like a beaver with his tail in the water."

Just then a boat appeared from between two islands, in which sat a man trolling for fish.

"Young ladies," he said, "your boat is slow, and a shower is coming up. Allow me to take you in tow." And he drew in his trolling-line, and made fast the chain of our boat to the stern of his, and was soon rowing rapidly in. At first Fanny felt the imputation upon her rowing, and was half inclined to feel herself insulted; but the sound of thunder reconciled her to our swift approach to the shore. We took shelter in a little building, half way between the pond and the mill, in which there was a furnace; and where watching the process of casting brass diverted Fanny's thoughts a little from the lightning, of which she was much afraid.

We reached home safely, and so did the Professor and his box; all pretty wet, but well satisfied with the result, in pleasure or information, of our afternoon on the pond.

THE JOLLY GRAPE-PICKERS.

WE started when the day began,
And the fields with frost were white,
Or gleamed beneath the early sun
Each crystal dew-drop bright.

The hedges sent a thousand rays
From the waving Golden-rod;
The meek-eyed Aster brightly smiled
From its home in the emerald sod.

The maples all were tinged with gold,
And glimmering with dew;
The chimney-smoke curled lightly up,
And vanished in the blue.

The purple clusters beckoned us
From each heavy-laden vine;
And odorous breezes wafting by
Shed fragrance as of wine.

And we, the merriest company
Of all the country round,
Laughed aloud and gayly sung
While speeding o'er the ground.

For Tom was home from college,
And Susie from her school,
And merry May, and laughing Jack,
And Dick, good-natured tool.

The ladder and the baskets
All piled beneath the seat;
While dear old Dobbin, dapple gray,
Ne'er went with swifter feet.

And soon within the woods and swamps
We found them gleaming bright—
Ripe and luscious, hanging low,
Or climbing many a dizzy hight.

We crept beneath the tangled wood,
And through the prickly hedge;
And gathered heaviest clusters
Along the river's edge.

The baskets heaped, the work was done;
Dick drove us fast along,
While 'mid the jokes, to help the fun,
Tom improvised a song.

One runaway blast,
Amid winter's confusion,
Had killed our Dianas, Sweet Concords, and all;
But Nature, relenting,
Had sent rich profusion—
So here's to the year, our complaints we recall.

But who would have thought it
Of staid old New England,
The home of the Puritan line,
That her swamps and her hedges
Should be such a vineland—
Quite given to Bacchus and wine!

Nay, blame not the soil,
It yields but the fruit
So tempting, delicious, and rare;
For 'twas man who invented
The crazy Wine Brute,
Whose votaries stagger and stare.

Then we'll spoil not the juices
To palsy the brain—
We care not for brandy and wine;
There's a score of sweet uses
Which crowns her the queen—
This rich, purple fruit of the vine.

HATTIE.

EAST WINDSOR HILL, CONN.

A WOMAN'S MASK.

—What a mask the unhappy wife is forced, from prudence and self-respect, to wear over that poor, tear-dewed face of hers! If she does not wear it, and if she lets the tears down in the sight of all, burning plowshares will not be too hot for her feet to walk on, and she must carry live coals from the world's altar, though they scorch her trembling fingers to the bone. Full of sympathy as the world is for her sorrows, if only delicately indicated—lifting a mere corner of the veil daintily—it has neither sympathy nor respect if broadly shown and rung into its ears through a six-foot speaking-trumpet. But the mask of the ill-mated spouse, male or female, must be of peculiar manufacture and careful manipulation; the kind more usually adopted, because most generally approved of, being one embodying a gentle patience, a plaintive manner

Selections.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION.

BY DR. HENRY MORE, 1642.

Great and lord! His praise rehearse,
Who hath made the universe.
He the boundless heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned;
He that on Olympus high
Tends his flock with watchful eye:
And this eye has multiplied
Midst each flock for to reside.
And, as round about they stray,
Toucheth each with outstretched ray
Nimbly hold they on their way,
Shaping forth His night and day.
Never slack they; none respires,
Dancing round their central fires.

In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gently drove
Through heaven's vast hollowness,
Which unto all corners press—
Music, that the heart of Jove
Moves to joy and sportful love,
Fills the listening sailor's ears,
Gliding on the wandering spheres.
Neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not transmiss.

Good is He, is wise, is strong—
Witness all the creature throng—
Is confessed by every tongue.
All things back from whence they sprung,
As the thankful rivers pay
What they borrowed of the sea.

All, myself, I too resign;
Take me whole, I all am Thine.
Save me, God! from self-desire,
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire.
Envy, hatred, vengeance, lre;
Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, his praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string.
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons,
Freed from vain religions!
Lo! from far I you salute,
Warbling blessings on my lute—
India, Egypt, Araby,
China, Greece, and Tartary,
Carmel-tracts, and Lebanon,
With the Mountains of the Moon,
All along where Nile doth run,
Or, wherever else you won,
Breathing in one vital air—
One we are though distant far.

All as one let's sacrifice!
Odors sweet perfume the skies,
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts enflamed with high aspires;
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls!
Nothing leave we to ourselves
Save a voice—what need we else?
Or a hand to wear and tire
Thankful lute or praiseful lyre.
Sing aloud! His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.

FUNERAL SERMONS.

"WHERE be the bad people buried?" Everybody knows Tom Little, and one day he dies. What eulogies do we not hear over Tom's grave! Now, if a clever, good-natured man, whose conviviality leads to habits of dissipation that ruin him, is to be celebrated as a great and renowned person, it is foolish to suppose that young men will not believe the conviviality to be the sign of the genius, and the dissipation the road to renown. The most immoral performance that we have lately read was not a circus song from the "Flying Trapeze" song-book, nor a chanson from the Grand Duchesse, nor a French novel, nor the last favorite of the London cider-cellars; but it was a funeral discourse. It was a eulogy and a warning; the eulogy of a life that should not be imitated, and the warning from a death that was inevitable. The life, according to the well-meaning clergyman, was brilliant, successful, renowned; but, oh! brethren, death is a very sudden mystery; a moment, in the twinkling of the eye, and you are gone. So said the preacher; but it seems reasonable that, if you have lead a truly brilliant, and successful, and worthily-renowned life, dear brethren, you need not fear to die. If death has terrors, it is a successful life which destroys them. Therefore, good preacher, instead of pointing us to the death, point us, if you please, to the life; and let your lesson be: "My friends, this was a life to be avoided as an example"; or, "Here was a man who used his talents well; who had love and honor because he deserved them; whose life was successful, because he feared God and served his brothers. To him, therefore, death was as the gentle opening of a gate, beyond which are light and music. If you would die as he died, live as he lived."

Now the immorality of the sermon was that it called a life brilliant and successful which was not so. It erected a false standard of character and effort; and it did not tell the truth even in what it stated. It was a perfunctory eulogy, a ceremonial sermon. But, if any young person with similar tastes and tendencies had known the person, and had heard the sermon, he must have said to himself at once: "Dear old belly (or whatever the appetite may have been), take your ease! You, it seems, are no impediment. You may master a man, and lead him through private shame and sorrow, and finally tumble him into the grave, and not a word shall be breathed to hint that you were the difficulty. Until I heard this excellent sermon I really supposed that I must master my appetites and subdue my passions; but this good clerician teaches me that, despite the belly, a life may be brilliant and successful. And, if the belly ends it at last, only the brilliancy and success shall be commemorated in funereal numbers, and not the offending member. Mother Church absolves me.

'Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long.'

Amen!"

That was a funeral sermon from the taxt *de mortuis*, and its inevitable improvement. Why should people be licensed or obtained or authorized to preach who misuse words so sadly, and talk of greatness without knowing what it means? There was poor Sheridan; did the funeral preacher call that a brilliant and successful life? The Duke of York, the King's son, came to the funeral. Three noble lords, friends of the august Prince Regent—also a brilliant and successful being—sent from Carlton House to ask to attend the obsequies. The Prince himself, a few days before, sent two hundred pounds to Mr. Sheridan starving, which Mrs. Sheridan promptly sent back to him. Brilliant! why, the Lords adjourned after his speech upon Hastings, because their minds were too much dazzled to judge fairly. Successful! why, Edmund Burke said that his eloquence had something not prose nor poetry, but better than either. History has not hidden Sheridan's habits, nor failed to say that they ruined him. History has blown to the winds the *de mortuis* over Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Did the preacher do likewise, or did he praise the brilliant life, and beg his hearers to be warned how to die?—*Geo. W. Curtis, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—In the somewhat famous case of Bodgen's will, which was tried in the Supreme Court some years ago, Mr Webster appeared as counsil for the appellant. Mrs. Greenough, wife of the Rev. William Greenough, late of Weston—a tall, straight, queenly-looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman, of great self-possession and decision of character—was called to the stand as a witness on the opposite side. Mr. Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the court and jury. He, therefore, resolved, if possible, to break her up. And when she answered, to the first question put to her, "I believe," Mr. Webster roared out: "We don't want to hear what you believe; we want to hear what you know!" Mrs. Greenough replied: "That's just what I was about to say, sir," and went on with her testimony. And, notwithstanding his repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, till Webster, quite fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and, drawing out his large snuff-box, thrust his finger to the very bottom, and carrying the deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with a gusto; and then, extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, he blew his nose with a report that rang through the hall, and asked: "Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?" Mrs. G.: "I cannot give you very full information as to that, sir; she had one very dirty trick." Mr. W.: "What was that, ma'am?" Mrs. G.: "She took snuff." The roar in the court-house was such that the defender of the Constitution subsided, and neither rose nor spoke again till Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair for another witness; having ample time to reflect on the inglorious fate of the man who had a stone throw upon his head by a woman.

MORE TESTIMONY TO THE MATHUSHEK COLIBRI PIANO.—We are kindly permitted to publish the following private letter from Francis W. Woodward, Esq., the well-known and highly-esteemed editor and publisher of the *Horticulturist*:

Office of the *Horticulturist*,
New York, Oct. 1st, 1868.

MESSRS. BARLOW & MATHUSHEK:

Gents:—Enclosed please find check of $450 for the Colibri Piano I purchased of you. The instrument proves perfectly satisfactory. My wife and I think we are fortunate in its possession. The more we hear its sound the better we are pleased with our purchase. If any of my friends wish to purchase a piano, I shall take pleasure in recommending them to give you a call, as I am convinced that they will find your instrument more gratifying to the ear and more pleasant to the eye than are the large square pianos of other makers. In your instrument you get all the tone of the largest size square, and of a *better quality;* while the space occupied is of great consequence, especially in small rooms.

To those who doubt that so much sound can come from so small a compass I can say that my piano can be *distinctly* heard on any part of my eight-acre farm, *even while the top is closed.*

Yours respectfully,
F. W. WOODWARD.

THE purest and sweetest Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the sea-shore; it is perfectly pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it can take no other. Ask for "Hazard and Caswell's Cod Liver Oil," manufactured by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. Sold by all druggists.

COLGATE AND COMPANY'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE TOILET SOAP is the best for toilet use. It is composed of healing ingredients; and, being combined with Glycerine, is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of ladies and infants.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, OCT. 6, 1868.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEF CATTLE.		SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Choice	16¾@17	Extra, ₩ lb	6¾@6¾
Extra	16 @16¾	Choice	6¼@6½
First quality	15 @15¾	Good	4½@6
Second quality	13½@14¾	Fair	4 @4½
Third quality	10¾@13	Common	3½@3¾
Inferior	10 @10¾	Extra Lambs	7¾@8
Average of all sales about	@14¾	Good	7¼@7¾
		Common to Fair	7¼@7

COWS AND CALVES.		VEAL CALVES.	
Choice	$100@125	Extra and Choice	12 @12¾
Good	80@ 95	Good	10 @11¾
Fair	50@ 75	Common	8 @ 9½
Inferior and Common	40@ 45	Inferior	8 @ 8¾

SWINE.	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed, prime to choice	9¾@10¼	12¾@12¾
Corn-fed, common to fair	9 @ 9¼	12¼@12¾

WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for THE INDEPENDENT, by David W. Lewis, Commission Merchant, No. 62 Pearl street.

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5 per ct. Flour, Grain etc., 2½ per cent.

Marking-plates furnished when desired.

GOLD ranged at 138@140.

FALL BUTTER, intended for immediate market, should be light salted.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 35,143 packages. There has been a deluge of Butter this week; the receipts were the heaviest for one week ever before known, and the market broke badly. Fine dairies of Butter and choice Fall makes withstood the pressure, and continue to sell well; but all ordinary and poor grades are plenty, without a purchaser at scarce any price. Still in the absence of any considerable Western stock, either here or to come, and the fact that Canada Butter is being taken direct for England, it would seem that these grades should all be wanted, although at prices which will disappoint holders. The Summer has been muggy, and a large amount of poor Butter made in this state; but strictly fine quality is scarce and all wanted, especially fine Fall make. We quote:

Orange County pails and Creamaries	@33
Fine Fall Butter	45 @47
Fine Long Dairies	43 @45
Good to Choice Fall Butter	43 @45
do. do. Dairies	40 @42
Fair to Good Butter	35 @40
Common to Fair	33 @35
Grease	none.

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week were 25,491 packages. There is a shade better feeling in the market, and we advance quotations ¼c. There have been sales in the interior at full New York rates, and some Factories at from ¼ to 1c. per lb. more than we dare quote here. The Upper Plymouth in Chenango sold at 18c., the South Plymouth 17½c., and Beaver Meadow at 16c., and lines of Factories for the same county at 16¾c. We quote:

Factory Cheese, fancy	17 @17½
do. do. fair to good	16½@17
Private Dairies, fancy	16½@17
do. do. fair to good	15½@16

EGGS.—There has been good demand all the week, and with light receipts the advance noted in our last has been fully sustained; and the market closes firm, with a tendency to outside rates. We quote:

Jersey, State, and Pennsylvania, per doz	28 @30
Canada and Western, per doz	26 @27
Egg Oats, per bush	50 @75

LIVE POULTRY is in good demand. There is a little sprinkling of Dressed Poultry in market, but not enough for us to quote. We quote:

Turkeys, per lb	22	@ 24
Fowls, per lb	19	@ 21
Ducks, per pair	90	@1 25
do. Western, per pair	1 50	@1 75
Chickens, per lb	20	@ 22

GAME.—Stall-fed Pigeons are selling at 42 25@42 50 per doz. Other kinds are scarce and prices are nominal. We quote:

Grouse, trapped, per pair	@1 25@1 50
Woodcock, per pair	87½@1 00
Pigeon, flight, per doz	42 25@42 75
Partridges, per pair	50@ 75

BEANS have been in light supply, and prices are steady. We quote:

Marrows, per bush. (2 lbs)	@4 25@4 50
Mediums, " "	4 12½@4 20
Kidneys, " "	5 50@6 00

BUCKWHEAT sells at 65@66c. for Southern and Western.

TALLOW.—The market is steady but quiet. We quote sales in a small way at 12¾@13c.

DRIED FRUITS are quiet. We quote:

Apples, State	10	@11
do. Ohio	9	@10
do. Southern, new	9	@10
Dried Peaches, new, peeled, good to prime	22	@25
do. do. do. fair to good	18	@22
do. do. unpeeled, halves	13	@15
do. do. do. quarters	11	@13
Blackberries, per lb	20	@21
Cherries, pitted, per lb	45	@48

SEEDS.—There is a fair demand for Grass Seed, and prices are steady. Flax is very quiet, but firm. We quote:

Clover, per lb	14 @ 14¾
Timothy, per bushel	$2 90@$3 25
Flaxseed, "	$2 75@$2 80

ASHES.—The market for Pots is $6 50@$6 75. Pearls continue nominal.

DAVID W. LEWIS,
PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 62 Pearl street, New York,
gives particular attention to the commission sale of BUTTER, CHEESE, BEANS, EGGS, etc. We specially solicit the sale of your FALL BUTTER; it will meet quick sales at good prices, and have prompt returns. Put initials on packages, send address by mail, and mark goods D. W. LEWIS, N. Y.

OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY OF
B. T. BABBITT,
Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74
WASHINGTON STREET,
New York City.
CAUTION TO DEALERS AND CONSUMERS!
An inferior article of Soap is being thrust upon the market, bearing BRAND and LABEL similar to my own, and well calculated to deceive the unsuspecting. Beware of imitations! Do not purchase box or bar unless you see B. T. BABBITT plainly marked upon both. Look well that the initials B. T. are prefixed to my name. None other is genuine, or equal in quality.
B. T. BABBITT.

Charles Belcher & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF
ORNAMENTAL WINDOW-GLASS
FOR
CHURCHES AND DWELLINGS,
BENT GLASS, Etc.
NO. 95 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.

GETTYSBURG KATALYSINE
WATER.—The best known remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dyspepsia, Kidney, Urinary, Bronchial, Liver and Bowel Diseases (Biliousness, etc.), Catarrh, Neuralgia, and Nervous Disorders. Depot 63 Liberty st., N. Y. For sale by druggists generally.

ONE PRICE ONLY.
WRITING PAPER, ENVELOPES, AND BLANK-BOOKS, CHEAP!
J. LEACH,
86 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.
THREE DOORS FROM FULTON ST.
The largest assortment in the city of Pocket Memorandum Books, Shipping and other Receipt Books, Diaries, and Portmonaies

Commercial Notices.

SELF-INFLICTED INJURY.—We should be lost without Webster's new Illustrated Dictionary. There is no work that can at all compare with it, and the student who fails to *get a Webster* can have no idea of the loss he *inflicts upon himself.* Here knowledge in its most accessible form lies within the reach of all. With its numerous pictures and explanations, it is like a fairy tale for the children.—*Christian Monitor.*

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. S. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocer's, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *he* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

MATHUSHEK'S COLIBRI PIANO.—This wonderful little piano is rapidly becoming the universal favorite of the people, as it ever has been of the profession. The demand is at present greatly in excess of the ability to supply. Yet purchasers are leaving their orders and taking their turn, rather than to buy *any other piano.*

Circulars sent free to any address. Liberal terms to dealers. BARLOW & MATHUSHEK, Wholesale and Retail Agents, 694 Broadway, N. Y.

PARENTS will find the largest assortment of Boys' Clothing corner Broadway and Canal street.

Baldwin, the clothier, seems to know exactly how to get up outfits for the children. He sells at wholesale prices!

ALL PERSONS desirous of having their shirts, linen, and laundry washing of the most perfect whiteness, and without being spotted, should use the Patent Soluble Bluening Bag. It never falls. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, and by PLYMOUTH COLOR CO., 106 and 108 Fulton st., N. Y.

PRICES CURRENT

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

ASHES—Duty: 2½ ₩ ct. ₩ bush.
Pot, 1st st 100 lb 8 50 @ —
Pearl, 1st sort 10 00 @ —
CANDLES—Duty: 7 ₩ct. ₩ lb.
Pearly, 4s 28 @ 30
Sp. Sperm 60 @ 62
Sp. Wh. Wax 45 @ 47
Bolbod'ME'r 40 @ 42
Adam'ne, Can 21 @ 22
Adam'e, Sonth 20 @ —
COAL—Duty: 60c. ₩ ton.
Lehigh 6 25 @ —
Schuylkill 6 25 @ —
Red Ash 6 25 @ —
Lykens Valley 6 25 @ —
Stove 6 25 @ —
Nut 6 25 @ —
Pea 6 25 @ —
Broken 6 25 @ —
Egg 6 25 @ —
St. Gr'ville 6 25 @ —
Sydney 6 25 @ —
Midway 6 25 @ —
Coxe 6 25 @ —
Orrell 6 25 @ —
Lorberry 6 25 @ —
Locust Mt'n 6 25 @ —
Shamokin 6 25 @ —
Mahanoy 6 25 @ —
Trevorton 6 25 @ —
Big Mountain 6 25 @ —
Cumberland 6 25 @ —
Blossburg 6 25 @ —
Broad Top 6 25 @ —
Cannel 6 25 @ —
COFFEE—Duty: 5c. ₩ lb.
Java, wh'd, Rio'd 31 @ 32½
Laguayra 31 @ 32½
Jamaica 19½ @ 19¾
Laguayra 15 @ 16
Maracaibo 17 @ 18
St. Dom'go 14 @ 14¾
COPPER—(Retail—Duty: 7c. ₩ lb.
Sheathing 36, ₩ ft 23½ @ 23¾
Am. cm. bars 23½ @ 23¾
Patent sheet'g, new 25 @ —
Yellow Metal 44 @ 51
Bottoms, No. 1 to 10 @ —
Bottoms, No. 2 to 10 @ —
Bottoms, No. 3 to 10 @ —
Bolts 33 @ —
DRUGS AND DYES—
Alcohol 3 45 @ —
Aloes, ₩ Socotrine 21 @ —
Aloes, Soc'trine, cases 53 @ —
Alum 3½ @ 3¾
Am'r'can, ord. 2¾ @ 2¾
Argols, ref. pkd 22 @ 23
Arsenic, pow'r'd 3½ @ —
Assafœtida 25 @ 40
Balsam Capivi 85 @ —
Balsam Tolu 1 25 @ —
Balsam Peru 3 50 @ —
Berries, Pers. grd 27 @ 31
Berries, Turk. 3 @ —
Bi-carb. Soda 4½ @ —
Bi-chr. potash 30½ @ 37
Brimstone, roll 3½ @ —
Brimstone, flor 5½ @ 6
Brim's, ₩ m. 60 @ —
Camph'r, ₩ bush'l. @ —
Camphor, ref. 1 20 @ —
Cantharides 1 @ 1 05
Car. Ammonia 15 @ —
Cantamons 9 25 @ 4 00
Castor Oil 35 @ —
Chamomiles 15 @ 50
Chlorate Potash, gold 34 @ —
Cochineal, silv'r 70 @ 85
Coch. Mex. gold 70 @ —
Copperas, Am. 2 @ —
Cream Tar. grd 29½ @ —
Cubebs, E. I. 30 @ —
Cutch 15½ @ 16
Epsom Salts 3½ @ 4
Ginsengs 1 75 @ 2 00
Gum Arabic, sifted 37 @ 38
Gum Arabic, pkd 45 @ 75
Gum Benzoin 80 @ 85
Gum Myrrh, E. I. 90 @ —
Gum Myrrh, Ty 85 @ —
Gum Opium 5 75 @ 6 00
Gum Trag., flake 60 @ 1 00
Gyd. Pota, Eng. 43 @ 45
Ipecacuanha 3 65 @ 3 85
Isinglass, Russ. ₩ lb 45 @ —
Currants, ₩ lb 12¾ @ 13¾
Citron 30 @ —
Almonds, Sicily, soft shell 13¾ @ 14¾
Alm'ds, shell 45 @ 50
FURS AND SKINS—Furs dressed or undressed, on Skins, 10 ₩ cent. ad val.
Beaver, ₩ pou:
" North 1 50 @ 4 00
" Southern 1 00 @ 2 00
" Western 1 00 @ 3 00
Otter, ₩ piece 4 00 @ 7 00
" Western 3 00 @ 5 00
Red Fox 1 00 @ 1 50
Raccoon, skin @ —
" West. com 10 @ 40
" North 15 @ 1 00
Mink North'n 5 00 @ 8 00
" Western 3 00 @ 7 00
Marten, North 5 00 @ 20 00
Goat, Curacoa 50 @ 55
" Mex. ₩ lb @ —
Deer, sml, ₩ lb @ 44
" St. Juan 40 @ 43
GRAIN—Duty: 10c. ₩ bush.
Wheat, W'G'Bou 2 40 @ 2 65
" Chili 2 40 @ 2 75
" Ohio @ —
" Mich., w 2 35 @ 2 75
Chicago No. 1 1 85 @ 1 85
do. No. 2 1 60 @ 1 70
do. No. 3 @ 1 55
Milw'k'e, No. 1 1 85 @ 1 95
do. No. 2 1 60 @ 1 70
Rye Western 1 65 @ 1 70
Corn, Sou. 1 22 @ 1 30
" yellow @ —
" " mixed 1 14 @ 1 18½
" Western, mixed @ —
Barley 2 20 @ 2 25
Barley Malt @ —
Oats, State 65 @ 68
" Ohio 72 @ 73½
" Jersey @ —
Peas, ble. 2 30 @ —
Buckwheat 95 @ —
GUANO—Duty: 20 ₩ cent. ad val.
Peruvian, gold 65 @ —
Ichaboe 55 @ —
Lobos 50 @ —
Guano, Soluble 45 @ —
HAY—Duty: 10 ₩ cent ad val.
Shipping 85 @ 1 00
Ship. Mich. 1 00 @ 1 05
Prime 1 10 @ 1 15
HEMP—Duty: 15 ₩ ct. ad val.
Manilla 22½; Jute 9½; Italian 14½; Sun and Sisal 9½ ₩ ton.
Russia cl'n, gold 360 @ 00
Sisal, gold 10½ @ —
Dried Peaches, new, peeled, good to prime 22 @ 25
do. do. do. fair to good 18 @ 22
do. do. unpeeled, halves 13 @ 15
do. do. do. quarters 11 @ 13
Blackberries, per lb 20 @ 21
Cherries, pitted, per lb 45 @ 48

Cayenne, Ref. ord	13½@ 18
Do. Rice, Spice	15½@ 16
Do. pepper	15½@ 16½
Jamaica ginger	15 @ 20
Green, St. Wor	13½@ 13½
City Hamilton	13½@ 13½
HONEY—Duty: 20c. ₩ gal.	
Cubs, ₩ gal., duty paid	75 @ 77
Cuba, bbds and hds	62½ @ 65
HOPS—Duty: 15c. ₩ ₩	
1868	15 @ 35
1867	25 @ 32
Bavarians	15 @ 30
HORSES—Duty: 30 ₩ cent ad val.	
Clover, ₩ ₩ bush	13¾@ 14
Timothy, ₩ bu. 300	a 325
Flax Am. rough 2 80	a 3 85
SHOT—Duty: 2½ ₩ ₩ lb.	
D. & B. (c) ₩ 25 lbs	12 @ —
Buck, comp'o	13 @ —
SOAP—Duty: 25 ₩ cent. ad val.	
Castile	18½@ 19½
SPELTER—(Zinc)—Duty: In Pigs, Bars, and Plates, ₩ 100 lbs	
Plates, ord 6 25	a 6 50
" dom.	9½@ 11¾
SPICES—Duty: 5a10c. ₩ lb.	
Cassia in mats	16 @ —
₩ lb., old	56 @ —
Ginger, Race, gd	18½@ 19
Mace, gold	95 @ 1 00
Nutmegs, No. 1 gold	@1 10
Pepper, gold	23 @ 24½
Pimento, Jamaica	@ —
(c) gold	@ 21
Cloves, (c) gold	@ 28
SUGARS—Duty: 2½a3c. ₩ lb.	
New Orleans	9 @ 14
Cuba, Muscado	7¾@ 8¾
Porto Rico	11¾@ 12¾
Havana, white	15 @ 15¾
Havana, B. & Y.	@ —
Manilla	10½@ 11¾
Loaf	@ —
Crushed	@ 15¾
Yellow	@ 14¾
White	@ 15
TALLOW—Duty: 2 ₩ lb.	
Am. prime, ₩ lb	12¾@ 13¼
Do. rough	@ 12¾
Gunpowder, nominal	
Hyson	160 @ 1 10
Y. Hyson, m

NOTICES.

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN, PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1868.

GEN. BUTLER.

OVER and over again, we have uttered our protest against Gen. Butler's financial views. Nevertheless, we would deplore his defeat in the pending congressional election as a national calamity. His great ability, his distinguished services, his unflaunted courage, and his keen-sighted radicalism make him one of the most useful statesmen of our time. He is wanted in Congress to fill the niche which Thaddeus Stevens left vacant. Who else can fill it so well?

After receiving the regular and unanimous nomination of the Republicans of his district, Gen. Butler suddenly finds himself confronted by a second Republican candidate, in the person of Mr. Richard H. Dana. At a time when Massachusetts ought to exert her most radical influence on national affairs, Mr. Dana ignobly attempts to tame down the brave spirit of the Bay State to his own dead level.

Of what fiber must a Yankee Republican voter be made who would prefer Dana to Butler in Congress? What a contrast between the two men! Many kid gloves would not make an iron gauntlet, nor would many Danas make one Butler. Mr. Dana is of too soft and delicate a pulp to be substituted for his Roman superior. The country cannot afford the ruinous exchange. It is agreeable to have had Mr. Dana "Two Years Before the Mast," but we cannot agree to have him two years at the helm.

Fancy how every rebel, from Boston to Mobile, would shout for joy at Gen. Butler's defeat! The Democrats of Massachusetts would roast an ox whole, and the rebels of Georgia would burn a negro alive, in honor of the event. If there is one Northerner whom Semmes, Toombs, Forrest, and Wade Hampton would like to catch in a dark night, and leave hanging on the limb of a tree in the morning, it is Gen. Butler; and, for lack of actual hemp, Mr. Dana is the next best rope they hope to do it with.

It is pretended that the opposition to Gen. Butler is on account, not of his political, but of his financial views. If so, why then did not his financial opponents nominate a Radical, instead of a Conservative, to be his rival? No. The nomination of Mr. Dana is a protest not against Gen. Butler's financial measures, but against his political opinions. If Gen. Butler, who urged the President's impeachment, shall be defeated by Mr. Dana, who opposed it, the whole Democratic party will cry aloud that Massachusetts has turned her back on the Radicals. But she might as well turn her back on Bunker Hill.

Gen. Butler has faults. He will probably never be canonized as a saint. But, take him for all in all, he is a brave, honest, and great man—one of "the choice and master-spirits of this age." We throw up our hat for him, and hope he will be triumphantly elected by 6,000 majority.

And his election over a milk-and-water Republican will be one of the most animating signs of the times. It will show that the people are in earnest to secure Liberty and Equality; to strangle the reviving serpent of Southern rebellion; and to quench forever the lingering and dangerous embers of our civil war.

THE CHOICE BETWEEN CANDIDATES.

PARTY machinery in this country, with its nominating conventions, ordinarily places two sets of candidates before the people, more or less opposed in the principles which they represent. Between them the voter must make his choice, in order to vote to any practical effect. To decline voting altogether, as some do, or to vote for some person not in nomination, is in the one case equivalent to self-disfranchisement, and in the other it is simply throwing one's vote away. Whether this be the best system in conducting popular elections we do not now decide. We simply state the fact as it confronts every voter in the pending election. Two tickets for the presidency and the vice-presidency are before the people; and one or the other will be triumphant. Between the two the voter must make his choice.

As we judge, Republicans heartily accept the candidates and adopt the principles proposed by the Republican Convention. They are pursuing the canvass with the warmest enthusiasm; and all the signs of the times point very strongly in the direction of their success. With them the question of choosing between candidates is already settled. Grant and Colfax as standard-bearers, and the excellent platform of principles on which they stand, have fused the Republican masses into a homogenous unity of effort. We doubt whether the Republican party was ever more thoroughly united.

Nothing like the same unanimity of opinion and purpose characterizes the Democratic party. It is quite true that Southern Democrats of the rebel school, and their Northern allies, are very harmonious in supporting Mr. Seymour and General Blair. It is also true that a goodly number of estimable citizens honestly believe that the best interests of the country will be promoted by the election of Mr. Seymour. They will, of course, vote according to this faith. We do not suppose that anything which may be said or done will change the votes of any of these classes. The question of candidates with them is not in debate.

Turning, however, to the War Democrats of the General Dix type, we find a large body of loyal and earnest men who are by no means satisfied with either the candidates or the platform of the Tammany Convention. They despise the war record of Mr. Seymour, and abhor the revolutionary doctrine of General Blair. The financial policy proposed in the Democratic platform is, in their judgment, the theory of unblushing villains; and would, if carried into effect, bring untold disasters upon the country. The conduct and temper of Southern Democrats abundantly satisfy them that the old leaven of treason and rebellion still lurks in their hearts. They look with doubt and serious forebodings as to what would be the consequences in the event of Mr. Seymour's election. The Tammany Convention both disgusted and disappointed them. They wanted Chief-Justice Chase as their candidate for the presidency, and such a man as General Dix for vice-president. They desired also an honest and patriotic platform of principles, that would secure to the nation the proper results of victorious war. The time-serving and slippery Seymour, the revolutionary Blair, the violation of the public faith, affiliation with all the hosts of rebeldom, and the restoration of unrepentant rebels to power, are by no means agreeable to honest War Democrats. They very justly think that the leaders ought to have known better than to plunge the Democratic party into such a dilemma.

How will these Democrats vote in the coming election? This is to themselves, and perhaps to the nation, a very important question. General Dix, who has never professed to be anything but a Democrat, distinctly repudiates the Tammany ticket, and would vote against it, were he in this country. He thinks more of his country than of the party with which he has been accustomed to act. Now, we do not ask the men of his stamp to become Republicans, unless they choose to do so; but we do express the earnest hope that they will vote in this election as they acted and fought during the war. Many of them, as we have occasion to know, have already decided to do so; and others are gravely pondering the question. Decide the point, gentlemen; and decide it on the right side. We advise you not to stay at home, and thus disfranchise yourselves; and also not to throw your votes away to no practical purpose. Vote the Republican ticket this Fall. This is the best thing to be done—indeed, the only thing consistent with the peace and safety of the country. What the nation wants just now is one more thorough defeat of the men whose measures have cost it so much blood and treasure. Help in this good work, ye loyal Democrats!

DOMINION DOMINATION.

THE dominion of Canada has its Ireland already. Nova Scotia is disaffected. She sneers at the high hopes which the Canadians cherish of establishing a new nationality, which shall extend from the Pacific to the Alantic Oceans, and become a formidable rival to our own republic. She refuses to permit her militia to cross the borders of her own distant province. She grumbles at the tariff of the Confederate Congress. She threatens to exhaust every "legal and constitutional mode of resistance" to the new confederation; and, when, or if, this policy shall fail in procuring a repeal of the obnoxious union, she hints, through the rather orphic rhetoric of her leading politicians, or politicians in power, to "appeal to another nation" to assist her in throwing off the hated yoke of—Canada. For it is not England so much—although it is England to some extent—that Nova Scotia regards as her oppressor. Her tyrant is the Canadian, with his mittens and furs, not the Queen, with her scepter and crown; her Carthage is not London, but Ottawa, where her Cerberus-headed master—Ontario, Quebec, and, alas! her near sister New Brunswick—make laws for themselves and for her by the power and "tyranny of the majority"! To be sure, she is fully represented in the Dominion Parliament—fairly and fully represented—in the lower branch by population, as in our own House of Representatives, and in the upper house by twelve senators, instead of two; but she complains that she does not desire confederation at all, while at the same time she "abhors" annexation to the States. She wishes only—the dear, blue-nosed Rip Van Winkle—to remain as she was before the British North American Act was passed—self-governed, but isolated; contented, but behind the age; economically administered, but comparatively unprogressive; levying her own tariff, but seeing her sons leave her for less "independent" and more prosperous communities, and leaving her vast wealth of minerals unopened or worked only by strangers.

We have carefully studied the grievances of Nova Scotia. We have read all the recent speeches of her prominent politicians. While we freely admit that her last legislative body misrepresented her wishes in completing confederation; while there can be no doubt, we think, that legal or technical flaws may be found in their authority; still, the fact remains that the act was urged and sanctioned by the accredited representatives of the province, and that England showed no desire either to force her into the union or to thwart her wishes. Her own sons betrayed her. But, at the same time, it was a wise thing to do, either to confederate the provinces or to cut them adrift. Nova Scotia has often boasted of her loyalty to England. There was nothing very creditable in it. It seems to have been mainly a selfish instinct; for, at the first refusal of her wishes, like a spoiled child, she is threatening her mother. England allowed her to do as she pleased, and paid for her defense, without demanding any material recompense whatever. What merit is there in loyalty in return for such favors? England saw that the time had come to unite her colonies; and, because this desire has been carried out, Nova Scotia is angry—mainly, as the speeches of her politicians show, because the new government has slightly increased her tariff.

We have no sympathy with the Dominion of Canada. It is sure to fall in pieces. Lord Ashburton prepared the way for its dissolution when he granted to us the tract of land which flanks New Brunswick. Upper and Lower Canada will never harmonize. Religions, race, and traditional hatreds stand between them. British Columbia is disloyal. Nova Scotia is already more than half rebellious. Prince Edward's Island and Newfoundland will not walk into the parlor of the Canadians. Besides, the "voice of history is the voice of God"; and, if American history utters any one lesson more emphatically than another, it is that this continent was not made for kings or monarchical institutions. The British ox looks well in England; but let the Canadian frog beware how it seeks to swell to its proportions!

Meanwhile, we advise the people of Nova Scotia to look before they leap. They may deceive themselves into the theory that they have enormous grievances to redress; but no wrong has been done to them as yet which warrants the shedding of a single drop of blood, or that would induce our people to assist them in rebelling against either Canada or England. By sending representatives to the Canadian Parliament they have practically recognized the authority of the Confederation. It is idle to say that they have done so "under protest." They have done it of their own free will, for no compulsion was employed. They have quietly, also, handed over their custom-houses and railways of their own free will to the Confederate authorities; and their delegates, of their own free will and pleasure, have drawn their salaries from the Dominion treasury. Better do as we did when our Congress betrayed us by repealing the Missouri Compromise—accept the situation, educate the people, and by and by control the National Government. Failing to do so, let them agitate the annexation of all the Provinces to the American Union. We shall be ready to receive them as soon as they repent of the raids they made from Canada, and of the aid and comfort they rendered the Rebellion by fitting out blockade-runners at Halifax. Until then we can assure our good neighbors over the border that we shall never strike a blow in their behalf. We have had war enough to last us for a generation to come.

SWAPPING HORSES.

"NOT to swap horses while crossing the stream" was one of Mr. Lincoln's most pithy contributions to the proverbial wisdom of the nation. We are not yet safely up the bank, and we implore our friends not to undertake to swap congressmen.

If there is any political wisdom which the South ever taught the North, it was this—having put a good man into Congress, to keep him there. Let there be no falling off from this hard-earned wisdom at this election.

A man of fair ability needs a session or two to find his right level in Congress. After he has found it, if he be judicious and honest, he begins to be useful. One man makes good speeches, another is valuable on committees, another is a good manager, and so on. All these qualities come out with experience; whereas, at first, a man is very apt to insist on doing just what is out of his line. Moreover, as time goes on, a man becomes known to the country, and so his words have weight; he also rises to a position of seniority on committees, and so his acts have power.

There are often cases where a congressman misbehaves, and must be turned out; and THE INDEPENDENT has with pleasure assisted at several such political executions. But the changes usually proceed from mere whim, or from foolish local jealousies, or from the ambition of demagogues. Because Mr. Common Sense has represented for three terms a district in which he dwells at the North End, there is an impression that he must now make way for Mr. Windbag, who lives at the South End. All the little wire-pullers of the South End are enchanted when the change is made. The trouble is that the influence of the district is suddenly paralyzed, and the whole nation curses the folly of the silly Windbag clique.

In some cases, no doubt, respect must be paid to the honest dissatisfaction of worthy men. We do not, for instance, endorse all the views of General Butler, who is now one of the representatives on trial. Sincere men may disapprove of his re-election. But the fact is patent that some of his leading opponents are those who opposed him before his financial heresies turned up; and who, if reports be true, did not oppose President Johnson at all. "Other some" (as the Scripture hath it) were leaders in the Fessenden testimonial. What has become of their zeal for the independence of statesmen? Is that fine virtue a luxury for Conservatives, and is it the Radical alone who must be thrown overboard unless he sticks to his party? If Mr. Fessenden was to be dined for defeating one cherished purpose of the Republicans, why should General Butler be sent away starving for only trying to defeat another?

For ourselves, we wish to see the nation pay all its debts, including that due to President Johnson; and we can tolerate best those repudiators who do not succeed. Butler's financial views have been rebuked by the nation, and will do no harm; while the evil caused by Mr. Fessenden is multiplying itself every day. No wonder he had small appetite for his Boston dinner.

But there are other instances where there is danger lest mere ambition, or self-conceit, or the love of change, may deprive Congress of men who have a national value. Such a man as Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, for instance, belongs to a wider constituency than his own district. The author of the Bankrupt Bill and the Civil Service Bill cannot be spared. It would be the extreme of folly for a district which is thus aiding the whole nation through the services of its congressman to think of substituting some ambitious and untried demagogue in his place.

For a demagogue the substitute is pretty sure to be. The cases where the opposition to the sitting member is based on principle are very rare. In such cases we have, of course, nothing to say. Do right, though the heavens fall. But in nine cases out of ten there is no sort of principle at stake. It is simply a matter of restless ambition. The ablest man in a district generally recognizes the value of experience, and the danger of change. Those who disregard it are apt to be the selfish and the second-rate men; those who regard offices as being instituted for the office-holder, not for the nation; and whose political principles consist of seven—the five loaves and the two fishes.

REVOLUTIONARY SPAIN.

LAST week we had well-founded doubts of the insurrectionary movement in Spain proving a revolution; but the latest advices from Madrid afford the best grounds for believing that the banishment of Queen Isabella is the beginning of an actual revolution in the government of that distracted country. The very brief term of Espartero's presidency, and the prominent position now held by General Prim, who is apparently the soul of the liberal party, gives cause for the most hopeful results. There would be no reason to apprehend a lapse from the advanced position taken by the provisional Junta—which, if held, would put Spain at the head of the constitutional governments of Europe—were its members to assume the powers of dictators and bestow a constitution upon the people. But, in strict consistency with their professed principles, the Junta has determined to allow the people themselves to decide what kind of government they shall live under. A popular election for members of the Cortes has been ordered for the 15th of November, and the Cortes thus chosen will decide the future government. The Junta is composed of intelligent and patriotic men, who must have gained the confidence and respect of the people by the prudence, moderation, and good sense which they have thus far manifested in all their actions. The telegraph announces that, though the members of the Junta are in favor of preserving a monarchical form of government, they are willing to accept a republic if the people will it; but the question will not probably be submitted directly to the people until the Cortes shall have decided. In the meanwhile, it is reported that measures are to be introduced for the abolition of slavery in the West India colonies, and a programme has been issued by the provisional government, promising many changes and reforms. Among them are administrative decentralization, universal suffrage, religious liberty, the freedom of the press, the right of public assemblage, radical changes in the system of education, the right of trial by jury, and the equality of all men before the law.

The judges of the courts are to be appointed for life.

This is almost too good to be real. For a country like Spain, which has undergone less change in her governmental policy during the last two hundred years than any other country in Europe, to suddenly place herself at a bound in the front rank of liberal nations would be so radical a revolution that the mind is staggered in contemplating such a possibility. There are four active parties in Spain—leaving out of view the church, which is not likely to remain passive in the contest which is next month to take place at the ballot-box—and we have no means of forming an intelligent estimate of their relative strength. The republican leaders are now in the ascendant in Madrid; and we hope most devoutly that they will be able to maintain their ascendancy. But they have to contend against the influence of the priests, the plottings of the Carlists, the intrigues of the Montpensier party, and the adherents of the banished monarch—who can show their strength in a popular vote without danger to their persons or property.

The greatest danger which the progressistas have to encounter at present is that which arises from an empty treasury and a deficient harvest. Though Spain possesses the most fruitful soil in Europe, and has the most magnificent national resources, yet bad government has rendered her bankrupt and reduced her people to the point of absolute destitution. The wheat harvest is said to be deficient, and the horrors of a famine are imminent. The provisional government cannot borrow money from abroad; and the necessities of the people will compel them to organize some kind of a government at once, that they may make provision for the terrible calamity which threatens them.

Our diplomatic representative at Madrid, Mr. Hale, it is reported, had called upon General Serrano, one of the leading members of the Junta, and assured him of the recognition of the new government by the United States as soon as it shall be formed. All other governments will, no doubt, be prompt to recognize any form of government which the Spaniards shall adopt.

The first practical result of the revolution, as far as concerns ourselves, is that the Junta has granted permission for the establishment of a Protestant chapel in Seville, at the request of the American consul.

THE AMERICAN BOARD.

OTHER societies trust to each other's aid to complement the interest and the attendance at their May Anniversaries. The audience which attends a Tract Society meeting in the morning goes in the afternoon to the same or another hall to stir up its decaying interest in the proceeding and the appeals of the Colonization Society. But the American Board stands alone. It takes its own time and place of meeting; never fails to draw its own enthusiastic audience, and to bless the city selected, whether in the East or the West, for its convocations with an overflowing flood of Christian men and women who tax the receptivity of an ocean-bed of hospitality. The importance of the work of this Board, the hearty sympathy of its patrons in the two large denominations which support it, and the success already achieved by this oldest and strongest of our benevolent societies, assure its meetings a success secured to that of no other religious organization.

The meeting last week in Norwich was no exception to the rule. Some were fearful that accommodations could not or would not be provided for the crowd of visitors. The committee of arrangements had been particularly stringent in requiring early notice from those who intended to be present; and had published, with more than usual distinctness, their inability to provide for those who should not comply with their conditions. They had stated that they did not invite the Board to meet in their small city (Norwich has a population of but 15,000), but had that honor thrust upon them. Still, no one could believe that the home of Governor Buckingham would really fail to extend the same hospitality which Pittsfield, Mass., had been able to exercise so bounteously a few years before. And their confidence was not misplaced. Several thousand were in attendance, and were all supplied with food and lodgings. To be sure, the largest public hall in the city was filled up with tables, and a large steamer chartered and turned into a free hotel, and one delegation chartered a train and slept in the cars; but the crowd was all comfortably provided for.

The report of the treasurer was unexpectedly favorable. It had been feared that the terrible deficiency which was threatened would sadly cramp the Board; but the wonderful receipts of nearly $143,000 during the last month of the fiscal year left it with a small surplus, and the meeting was inspired with the enthusiasm of financial success. Not satisfied with the total of $527,164 received the past year, it was determined to recommend to the churches to raise $600,000 the coming year; and Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, who had given the last month $10,000 to the treasury, and Mr. S. B. Chittenden, another liberal donor, and both from New York, warmly supported the proposition.

But the real test of such an organization is its works. The report of the secretaries showed that the thirty churches of 1848, which the Board had then founded in Asia and Africa, have increased to 155; and their membership in a still larger ratio, from 765 to 6,796. The number of stations and outstations is now 609, while 333 male and female missionaries from this country are now on the foreign field, and 965 native pastors and helpers are supplementing their labors. The most marked progress has been in the independence of the native churches, which represent finished missionary work. In India and in Turkey the converts are emancipating themselves from leading-strings, and organizing a more systematic plan of benevolence than exists in our own churches, and pushing their own labor, through the channel of their own organizations, into the regions beyond.

A spirited discussion was carried on in reference to the support of disabled missionaries and their families. A report was presented by Judge Strong, of Philadelphia, advising the continuance of the present plan of allowing annuities for this purpose. It was believed by many that this was no part of the proper work of the Board, and Dr. Budington expressed his conviction that the salaries paid to the missionaries should be such that they can expect their own families to be supported, as are the families of their brethren in this land, trusting in exceptional cases to the Christian charity of brethren who will not allow the poor to suffer. This principle, we are sorry to say, failed of general approval, and the report of the committee was adopted. It is hard to give any reason why the good God and his children cannot be trusted in sickness and old age by missionaries as well as by other clergymen and by private Christians. If an annuity or a special fund is needed in the one case it is in the other.

The miscellaneous addresses and the devotional exercises were listened to by immense congregations; and on Thursday afternoon the Lord's Supper was administered in three different churches. The closing meeting, on Friday morning, was exceedingly interesting and affecting; and numerous contributions were made to the cause of missions.

The American Board has already suffered the loss of one of those bodies which for years contributed to its support. Some years ago the Dutch Reformed seceded, taking with them the Arcot Mission. There is every reason to believe that a new secession will soon be accomplished. It will be as kindly a divorce as the other. The prospect of it—thought of but not spoken—added, we believe, to the cordial good fellowship felt and expressed. It is a hard thing for those who have labored long together to break up such a partnership. The New School Presbyterians have chosen their own course, have given up already their old principle of co-operation in other forms of missionary labor, and await only a formal union with the other branch to transfer their allegiance to another board, and to take with them their share of the missions. It is to be hoped that the old organization—like the London Missionary Society, when suffering from similar withdrawal of the Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians—will develop a new strength and achieve greater success.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

THE General Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose business sessions began on Thursday last, in Trinity Chapel, of this city, is an important ecclesiastical body, whose proceedings at the present juncture will be regarded by many with peculiar interest and by some with much solicitude. It comprises some of the best talent, culture, and piety of the Episcopal Church in the United States. But, while all diversities of theological opinion in this church are fairly represented, some names best known to the Christian world—such as S. H. Tyng, John Cotton Smith, Noah Hunt Schenck, and Phillips Brooks—are not found on the list of deputies. Of the Low Church wing Bishops McIlvaine, Lee, Eastburn, and Stevens, and Drs. D. R. Goodwin, Howe, and S. Cooke, are the most distinguished; while of the opposite wing Bishops Potter and Whittingham have a wide notoriety. The liberal party, characterized by a broad churchmanship, is well represented by such names as Bishops Clarke and Coxe and Drs. F. D. Huntington and Littlejohn. Among the lay delegates are Governor Fish, Judge Ruggles, Judge Conyngham, and other prominent jurists. Mr. Horatio Seymour declined to act as deputy from Western New York.

For obvious reasons, the proceedings of this convention will be interesting and important beyond the boundaries of the Episcopal body itself. In some quarters much seems to be expected of the convention in the way of settling subjects connected with the peace and prosperity of the church. For our part, however, we cannot hope just now for much in this direction. The High Church party is evidently in the ascendant.

Memorials praying for such a change of canon as may allow clergymen to officiate without the restrictions of territorial limits—covering all the grounds of the Tyng case—have been presented, and referred to the appropriate committees. What their fortune will be can, we think, be pretty accurately anticipated. The convention has in its hands a very great power for good, which we sincerely hope will be wisely used, and for which it must be held responsible.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE *Congregationalist* copies a beautiful poem that appeared as original in THE INDEPENDENT of December 26th, 1867, and credits the same to the *Christian Mirror*.

—The results of the town elections in Connecticut, last week, are highly satisfactory, showing a net aggregate gain, as far as heard from, of 2,626 for the Republicans. It is plain that the Nutmeg State means to cast her electoral votes for Grant and Colfax.

—The *World*, with shocking indecency, thus announces the death of a venerable Christian woman: "The mother of the loud and loathsome Hutchinsons has died at the age of 83. She had sixteen children, and it is awful to think that they all sang." Had the brute that wrote this a mother?

—Rev. Horatio N. Powers, D.D., whose acceptable contributions to these columns have made his name pleasantly familiar to our readers, has resigned the rectorship of St. Luke's church, Davenport, Iowa, and accepted a call from St. John's Protestant Episcopal church, at Chicago. Dr. Powers is among those clergymen of his denomination who were earnestly and zealously loyal during the war. His departure from Davenport is widely lamented in that place.

—*The Sorosis* is the name of a new journal just started in Chicago, and edited by Mrs. Mary L. Walker and Mrs. Cynthia H. Leonard, who propose to make it "a thorough woman's paper, devoted to everything of advantage in either usefulness, pleasure, or instruction to women"; and yet, in the same breath, they say: "The question of suffrage for women we shall not agitate." The reason assigned for this seems to us quite unsatisfactory—viz., that the *Revolution* is devoted to that subject! So also is it devoted to those other topics which *The Sorosis* proposes to discuss. But, notwithstanding this want of "thoroughness," we heartily wish the new paper success.

—The Cornell University, at Ithaca, was opened with appropriate ceremonies on the 8th inst. Mr. Cornell has given to the institution not less than $600,000, and the funds contributed by the state amount to nearly as much more; so that it goes into operation with abundant means for carrying out the grand designs of its founder. The ceremonies of inauguration were deeply interesting. Mr. Cornell, in an opening address, presented the keys of the buildings to the president elect, and Lieut.-Gov. Woodford presented the charter and seals. Then followed addresses by President White, Prof. W. C. Russell, Hon. J. V. L. Pruyn, Prof. Agassiz, George William Curtis, and others. A chime of nine bells, weighing 6,000 pounds, was given to the university by Miss Jennie McGraw, of Ithaca. The institution opens with about 300 students. At present there will be some inconveniences; for the buildings are only just completed, workmen are busy upon others, and with everything now some time will be required to put things in working order. However, all the classes opened at once, and Prof. Agassiz commenced a course of lectures. The professors are all young men, and have a great deal of work in them.

—A friend in Washington writes: "I see in this week's INDEPENDENT some lines from Dryden's 'Ode on Cromwell' as applicable to Grant. Some two or three years ago I quoted them in a paragraph for the *Chronicle*, which that paper did *not* publish; and with them I quoted these others, equally applicable, it seems to me:

> 'Swift and resistless through the land he passed,
> Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue,
> And made to battle such heroic haste
> As if on wings of victory he flew.
>
> 'He fought secure of fortune as of fame,
> Still by new maps the island might be shown
> Of conquests which he strewed where'er he came,
> Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown.'

So much for the past. That's what he *did*. Here comes what we believe he *will do*:

> 'Successful counsels did him soon approve
> As fit for close intrigues as for the field.'

I think I was the first to show that Dryden anticipated Grant. And I am glad to find that others think that England's great poet, describing England's great man, used language which is so apt for our next President."

—Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, is giving in that paper a very interesting account of his "Summer Vacation in the Rocky Mountains," whither he went in company with Mr. Colfax and others. His latest published letter describes the mountainous region of Colorado, especially its wonderful natural parks, which "open upon the traveler at frequent intervals in charming unexpectedness; rich with grass and water, with trees and flowers, with soft beauty of outline and warm beauty of color, in most admirable contrast to the rough rocks and white snow of the high ranges around." Most of these parks, he says, "are, of course, petite—little wide valleys around the head of a single stream, or the conjunction of several, or the home of a sweet lake; but there are four great ones, that mark the phenomenon and give the name. These are North Park, Middle Park, South Park, and San Luis Park—varying in size from 20 by 50 miles to 100 by 200, or say from Rhode Island to Massachusetts—little episodes and interjections among these mountains; by whose size, as thus stated, you may take in some sense of the extent and majesty of the region, of which they are a sub-feature, as a whole."

—A state convention of colored men was held in Utica, one day last week, mainly for the purpose of taking measures to secure the ballot for the negro in the Empire State. Rev. J. W. Loguen presided. Susan B. Anthony sent a letter, in behalf of the colored women of the state, urging the convention to extend its demand for the ballot so as to include the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of the black race; but the convention went no further than to demand suffrage for the black man. In their "declaration of rights" they said:

"*We demand all the rights and prerogatives enjoyed by our white fellow-citizens.* We have lived here two and a half centuries, and know only this country as our home. Here we have a few cherished memories, and many sad ones; yet our country is dear to us, with all her faults. We demand these rights as natives of this country. We demand them from our long unrequited toil; we demand them from our part in the late rebellion, without which millions more of dollars and thousands more precious lives would have been spared; we demand them for the protection of our wives and children; we demand them as a large majority of the entire population of the country; we demand them for the safety of the Republican party, with which we shall ally ourselves so long as it continues to battle for righteousness and justice; we demand them as *men*, children of a common Father."

—Bayard Taylor, who lately returned from Europe, delivered a political address before the Union League of Philadelphia, on Thursday evening last, in which he showed the deep interest taken by the friends of freedom in the Old World in the pending presidential canvass. He said:

"The intelligence of the Old World perceives clearly the issues of the present political struggle; and the sympathies of the good and liberal are with the Republican party. They cannot understand how any party could exist in our country which fosters unrepentant rebels, and attempts to undo all the glorious work of our armies. I have been asked many questions during my late absence in Europe. When the first whispers of repudiation arising from the Democratic party reached the Old World, persons there who have purchased our bonds inquired of me, Is there truth in the rumor? I answered: No; we could purchase a kingdom, and pay for it afterward. I was also asked whether the Democratic leaders were really as dishonest as report painted them. I again answered no. But when the other question came, How, then, can they take to their councils the late rebels, still reeking with the blood of loyal soldiers? I confess that I could but hang my head in shame. All eyes upon the other side of the great water are turned upon us. In the cottages of Switzerland and Germany, to prove this interest, you frequently see portraits of Lincoln. [Applause.] We are watched with the most intense solicitude. Russia and Brazil followed our lead in emancipation. The workmen of England have taken courage from our success, and have demanded the right of suffrage; and they will get it. The large minds and liberal thinkers of Europe witnessed her struggles, saw how great was our trial, and rejoiced with us in our victory."

—The total expenditures of the Freedmen's Bureau since its organization, according to an official statement of F. D. Sewall, acting A. A. G., amount to $7,935,258 88. Of this sum $1,553,034 10 were received from what has been called the Refugees' and Freedmen's Fund, accruing from the rent of abandoned lands, sales of crops, taxes, and tuition, sale of Confederate state property, etc. $500,000 was set apart for the relief of the then pressing destitution in the Southern States, by act of Congress of March, 1867. Fifty thousand dollars was transferred to the Agricultural Bureau, for the purpose of furnishing seed to indigent farmers in the South, without distinction of color. A very considerable portion of the subsistence furnished has been issued to the destitute whites in the Southern States, particularly in South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. During the present year rations have been issued only to relieve the pressing necessities of old, infirm, and sick paupers, whom the local authorities have failed, either from neglect or want of means, to provide for. The number has been inconsiderable. In the states of Louisiana, South Carolina, and to a limited extent in Florida and North Carolina, upon the urgent application of citizens of all classes, representing the destitution of the people, supplies have been furnished to white and colored farmers, to enable them to cultivate their lands. Payment for these advances has been secured by taking a lien upon the crops. No gratuitous issue has been made, except to paupers, or destitute sick in hospital, and the inmates of orphan asylums. By an act of Congress, passed in July last, the operations of this Bureau are to be withdrawn from all the states on the 1st day of January next.

—Henry Ward Beecher delivered an address on "The Issues of the Canvass," to an immense audience, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Friday evening last. It was full of telling points; sound logic, sharpened by glowing wit; an impressive vindication of the principles, measures, and candidates of the Republican party. His views of universal suffrage were stated with great clearness, and very happily illustrated. Of the charge, so often preferred by rebels and their friends, that the Republican party has violated the Constitution in the work of reconstruction, Mr. Beecher said:

"As to this matter, I confess I don't feel so sensitive about it as do the men who spent four years fighting against the Constitution. I have great respect for it. I like it. But it is not so dear to me as it has become to them. I have a reasonable hope, too, that the Constitution will be maintained; I think the broad common sense of the American people will take care of the Constitution. It is very affecting to my feelings, therefore, when I hear these outcries, these most affectionate yearnings, and longings, and repinings of the reconstructed rebellion in the South in behalf of the Constitution—the dear, blessed Constitution. [Laughter and applause.] Why do I love the Constitution? Because I believe it breathes and creates liberty everywhere. Why are they so solicitous for the Constitution? Because it breathes liberty everywhere? That is the trouble. The Constitution they mourn is the old Constitution, that fancy constructed; it is the old Constitution, that was brought before the courts when Southern men put judges in the courts foreswom to make decisions in favor of slavery. That is the Constitution they mean. I mean the Constitution that our fathers made, when all Europe was flushed with a love of liberty; when the world shone like an aurora with the spirit of liberty; when our fathers, under that divine magnetism, built this glorious Constitution, and built it for liberty. That is the Constitution I mean. [Prolonged applause.] What feature have we taken out of it that will circumscribe the independence of the individual? What feature of the Constitution that will make liberty narrower? The very cause of offense is that we have made liberty so broad that there is no creature born of woman that does not become a citizen under that Constitution. That is the offense. [Applause.] Oh! no. Oh! my friends, you are invited to attend the funeral of the Constitution. [Laughter.] The late members of this Democratic party, the Southern people in general, are all affectionately invited to attend the funeral. See them going in procession after the Constitution [laughter], some reeling with grief—and other things. [Laughter.] See them going, with their bowie-knives reversed; see them going, hardly yet wiping their hands from the blood of the last assassination; see them going, the men who fought your sons and mine, and that spilt the blood of loyal, valiant sons and children like water; see them, moaning, groaning, 'The Constitution.' Ah! this 'desecration' of the Constitution, this love of the Constitution—it is peculiarly affecting to me. When Sodom and Gomorrah sit round about the temple of Jerusalem, and praise its beauty, and long for the prevalence of the light that shall shine out of Zion, then I shall believe that these men who are crying out 'the Constitution, the Constitution,' have any love for its essential principles, or have any right to say anything about it."

PERSONAL.

GAIL HAMILTON is making a visit in Brooklyn, as the guest of Mr. Charles Storrs.

—An influential journalist in London—a true friend of the United States—says, in a private letter: "I meet Mr. Smalley (correspondent of the *Tribune*) sometimes—a man of fine intellect and exceedingly sound judgment. It is impossible to overestimate the value to the two countries of the presence here of so well-informed and upright an American citizen."

—The article in THE INDEPENDENT of Aug. 6th, on "The Centenary of Lady Huntingdon's College," and there credited to Rev. Newman Hall, was not written by him, but by his "gude wife," Mrs. Charlotte Hall. If this eminent couple are as much *one* in other respects as they are in their handwriting, they are to be congratulated. The note that accompanied the article having been mislaid, we could only guess which of them was the author; and for once our Yankee faculty was at fault.

—Prof. Charles D. Cleveland, of Philadelphia, has prepared a book entitled "*Lyra Sacra Americana*; or, Gems from American Sacred Poetry, with Notes and Biographical Sketches." It is published in this country by Charles Scribner & Co., and in London by Sampson Low, Son & Marston. Prof. Cleveland, having prepared the work while absent from home, and without the use of his own library, is anxious to correct, in a second edition, any errors that may have thereby crept into the first; and he will thank any of the authors or their friends who will aid him in making it more perfect.

—We learn with heartfelt satisfaction that an effort is being made in Great Britain to secure a testimonial for the benefit of Mr. George Thompson, the eloquent champion of West India emancipation and of universal liberty. John Bright, we understand, is chairman of the committee having the matter in charge, and the sum of nearly £1,000 has already been subscribed. Mr. Thompson is now an old man, in feeble health, and poor. He has given his life without reserve to the work of negro emancipation and to kindred causes of philanthropy, and we should think his countrymen would be eager to place in his hands a sum sufficient to meet all the wants of his declining years.

—Edward A. Pollard, the rebel historian of the Rebellion, announces his purpose to write and publish the life of Jefferson Davis. He says the friends of Mr. Davis have for a long time persuaded him to withhold the work he contemplates, from a fear that "it would give information concerning various conspiracies and vengeful plots in the war, which might be used against Mr. Davis on his expected trial, or might inflame against him a fatal prejudice." He has determined no longer to defer to this solicitude for the Confederate President, but will proceed to disclose to the world "the veiled mysteries and inner scenes of the weak and anomalous government that wrecked the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy." Mr. Pollard need not doubt that his work will find readers. The Northern people, at any rate, would like to know more of the "various conspiracies and vengeful plots" which marked the course of the great rebellion.

—Howell Cobb, of Georgia—a haughty, arrogant, and passionate member of the slave oligarchy before the war, and a prominent rebel since—died in this city, on Friday last, of apoplexy. He was Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan, and prostituted his official power to aid the work of treason and rebellion. Of course, he was a supporter of Seymour and Blair, and a hater of the Unionists of the South, of whom, not long since, he spoke in these vindictive words, which are his fitting monument:

"Oh! heaven! for some blistering words, that I may write infamy upon the foreheads of these men; that they may travel through earth despised of all men, and rejected of heaven, scorned by the devil himself. They may seek their final congenial resting-place under the mudsills of the ancient institution. . . . *Upon them there should be no mercy.* They have dishonored themselves and sought to dishonor you. Anathematize them. *Drive them from the pale of social and political society.* Leave them to wallow in their own mire and filth. Nobody will ever envy them; and, if they are never taken out of the gully until I reach forth my hand to take them up, they will die in their natural element. Let no man leave the state. Let us lay our bones in Georgia; and, if these scalawags and carpet-baggers remain, *let us hunt them from the country.*"

—Frederick Beecher, whose death in the service of his country we have already mentioned, was the first-born child of Rev. Charles Beecher, of Georgetown, Mass. A little more than a year since, two lovely daughters of Mr. Beecher were

Publisher's Notices.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR HOUSE LOOK HANDSOME.—The secret consists simply in using *good paint*. We meet gentlemen continually who complain of the poor paint and faded color of their dwellings; and ask if there is an article which is durable, reasonable in price, and of fine color. Yes, there is. We find the *Averill Chemical Paint* most excellent, and really a good thing. It is composed exclusively of chemical materials, forms a continuous, smooth, glossy surface, is not affected in the least by the weather, does not crack or peel off, and is firm and lasting. It comes already mixed and ready for immediate application with the brush; resists water; is adapted to all classes of painting, ornamental or plain, for interior or exterior purposes; and, unlike lead paints, contains nothing poisonous or deleterious to health.

It is well endorsed by parties who have tried it. We have seen a church which was painted with it five years ago, and today it is as beautiful and glossy as when first put on. Our readers believe in *good, reliable* articles; and we do not hesitate personally to say that we believe the *Averill Chemical Paint* is unexceeded for its *durability, beauty*, and *economy*.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY OF BOSTON, by saving the expense of collecting agents, is enabled to give away in its work *all that is given to it*. Economy is its principle. Those who want the *whole amount* of their donations to go for benevolence will find this society's method *just the thing*.

1868.

GREAT PREMIUM.

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WE have made a special contract with the Howe Sewing Machine Company to furnish their world-renowned machine as a

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TO

The Independent

during the present year. Any person who will send us the names of twenty-four new subscribers, at our regular subscription price (see terms on *first* page) will be presented with one of these celebrated machines, the lowest price of which is $60. It will be packed and shipped by express, or otherwise, as directed.

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-four persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers*.

We will also give the Sewing Machine on payment of one subscription 24 years in advance, or two subscriptions 12 years in advance, or three subscriptions 8 years in advance.

Old subscribers, not in arrears, can in this way secure a Sewing Machine simply for the use of the money during the time specified.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of our paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

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The Howe machine embraces all the principles of Sewing by Machinery embodied in all the Sewing Machines now in use, and makes perfect work at the rate of 1,000 stitches a minute.

The Stitch invented by Mr. Howe, and made on this Machine, is the most popular and durable, *and all Sewing Machines are subject to the principle invented by him.*

Mr. Howe finally fixed upon what is now known as the "lock-stitch," as best for forming seams by machinery, and devised the mechanism for it. It is formed with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric sewed, and interlocked in the center of it, and presents the same appearance upon each surface—a single line of thread extending from stitch to stitch. It requires about two and a half yards of thread for each yard of seam; cannot be raveled, and when properly made is as firm and elastic as the fabric sewed. Twenty years' use has demonstrated its excellence and adaptability to all kinds of sewing, from the lightest gossamer to the heaviest harness and upholstery.

Mr. Howe's patent covers broadly mechanism for sewing by machinery. His invention combines a grooved and curved eye-pointed needle, a peculiar shuttle, holding and feeding devices, thread-carrier, guide, etc. A loop of thread being thrust through the fabric by the needle, the shuttle carrying the lower thread passes through the loop, leaving a line of thread in it, which, being thus interlocked, is drawn into the fabric. A succession of these stitches form a seam. Many attempts have been made to evade this patent; but no devices have yet been found sufficiently novel and ingenious.

To give to the public the ripeness of this great invention, the Company have established a large manufactory at Bridgeport, Conn., and furnished it with the most improved machinery and the best talent the country affords. In this factory is made every part of the Howe Machine and the needles used in them.

It is the aim of the Company to make the best sewing machines he world has ever seen, and to this end no expense has been or will be spared.

The machine offered by us as a premium is what is called the Letter "A" machine, with a black walnut table and is warranted perfect in every respect. Any person of ordinary capacity can use it without the least difficulty. Every family should and now can have one of these machines with a very little effort. The subscribers necessary *can* be obtained at odd leisure hours, by man, woman, or child. Every poor family, living in part or whole by charity, may be made, in many cases, self-supporting by having a sewing machine. Clergymen have been instrumental in introducing thousands of sewing machines into poor families by simply *starting* a movement to obtain a club. This has often been done by a simple announcement from the pulpit that persons would be called on in the congregation to subscribe for a paper in order to obtain a machine for some worthy person.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

Reader, if your clergyman has no sewing machine, it is time for you to move. In one day's time, acting either alone or in concert with your neighbors, you cannot fail of success.

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"*Our Young Folks*," as nearly every one knows, has been since its establishment the best Young Folks' Magazine published in this country, and has exerted a most powerful influence, not only upon its own enormous circle of readers, but also upon the characteristics and management of all other American juvenile magazines or newspapers—its style and success having been aspired to by many imitators. It now bids fair to be *the best juvenile magazine in the world*, embracing the widest range of subjects, the highest class of illustrations, and the most distinguished contributors that any one periodical could possibly sustain. The volume for 1868 will contain articles from the best and greatest writers of America and England, chief among whom stands CHARLES DICKENS, who has *never* before been enlisted in such a cause. Among the list of supporters will be found LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, LOWELL, Mrs. STOWE, Miss MULOCK, BAYARD TAYLOR, Miss CRAIK, Dr. PALMER, Mrs. DIAZ, "AUNT FANNY," and many others of the most eminent writers, whose articles will be illustrated by the best artists on both sides of the Atlantic. Music, full-page engravings, steel plates, and colored pictures will diversify the volume; and each number will contain the favorite elements of "*Round the Evening Lamp*," "*Our Letter Box*," and a *Shakesperian Picture Puzzle*; thus more than retaining the high place which "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" holds in the affections of the boys and girls of America.

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to every one of our subscribers who shall renew his or her subscription for ONE YEAR *in advance*, and send FIFTY CENTS more than the regular price of the paper; or, to ANY PERSON who will send us one *new* subscriber for one year. The cash, either by money-order or bank-checks, according to terms on the first page, always to accompany the order.

The invaluable book we now offer as a premium for new subscribers will give a better insight into the almost perfect character of President Lincoln than any other which ever has been or ever will be published. While its author, Mr. Carpenter, was in Washington, painting that masterpiece of art, "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation"—a picture which will live in the history of this country as one of the most valuable ever put on canvas—he was in daily intercourse with the President, and took notes or everything which transpired. He was a great admirer of the man and of his rare, peculiar gifts. Possessing a remarkable tact for reproducing everything of interest which he saw and heard, Mr. Carpenter, at our solicitation, after the terrible murder of the great and good man, determined to present a portion of his rich treasures, thus most providentially obtained, to the public through the columns of THE INDEPENDENT. All those contributions are embraced, with much other new matter in this volume. Tens of thousands of our readers can testify as to the great value of those remarkable contributions. They were read with the deepest interest by all, and are now a most important part of the history of the Great Rebellion. No person can properly appreciate Abraham Lincoln until he has carefully read every line of this intensely interesting volume. The book should be in every library and on every center-table in the nation.

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NOTICES.

NEW YORK GENERAL ASSOCIATION will meet at HOMER, Tuesday, Oct. 20th, at 11 A. M. All Congregational churches in the state are invited to be represented by minister and delegate. Trains leave Syracuse (on the New York Central) and Binghamton (on the Erie Railroad) morning and evening for Homer.

W. B. BROWN, Secretary.

"ROMANCE OF CAVALRY LIFE."—A popular Lecture, endorsed by the best names in the country. For terms, testimonials, etc., address Rev. E. P. ROE, Highland Falls, near West Point, N. Y.

MARRIED.

WAGGONER—FRASER.—In Florida, Orange Co., N. Y., at the residence of the bride's parents, Tuesday, Oct. 6th, 1868, by Rev. Orrin Fraser, assisted by Rev. Augustus Seward, D.D., of Middletown, N. Y., Ralph H. Waggoner, of the Toledo *Commercial*, and Gertrude C. Fraser, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

DIED.

HINMAN.—At his residence, in Hawleyville, Iowa, on the afternoon of August 27th, Charles G. Hinman, aged 57 years.

Deceased was one of the most energetic, upright Christian men in Southern Iowa; a man of liberal views, enlarged sympathies, and sterling patriotism. His loss to the community is irreparable; what must it be to his family?"—*From St. Joseph (Mo.) Union.*

KEELER.—At Auburn, Oct. 1st, of paralysis, Delos M. Keeler, aged 53 years.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that IMITATION of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:

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Electro-Plate, Providence, R. I.

EUROPE.

A lady who has spent several years in travel abroad, and has since held a high position as teacher, has made arrangements to leave New York during the latter part of October, taking under her care a small party of young ladies to travel in Southern Europe this Winter, and in Great Britain and Central Europe next Summer. Two more young ladies may join her party by applying immediately to Drs. MARCY and WHITE, No. 24 East Twenty-second street, or to GEORGE RIPLEY, Esq., *Tribune* office.

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This Company, national in its character, offers, by reason of its Large Capital, Low Rates of Premium, and New Tables, the most desirable means of insuring life yet presented to the public.

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The attention of persons contemplating insuring their lives, or increasing the amount of insurance they already have, is called to the special advantages offered by the National Life Insurance Company.

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The Chinese Government having (through the Hon. Anson Burlingame) conceded to this Company the privilege of connecting the great seaports of the Empire by submarine electric telegraph cable, we propose commencing operations in China, and laying down a line of 900 miles at once, between the following ports, viz.:

	Population.
Canton,	1,000,000
Macoo,	60,000
Hong-Kong,	250,000
Swatow,	200,000
Amoy,	250,000
Foo-Chow,	1,250,000
Wau-Chu,	800,000
Ningpo,	400,000
Hang-Chean,	1,200,000
Shanghai.	1,000,000
Total,	5,910,000

These ports have a foreign commerce of $900,000,000, and an enormous domestic trade; besides which we have the immense internal commerce of the Empire, radiating from these points, through its canals and navigable rivers.

The cable being laid, this Company proposes erecting land-lines, and establishing a speedy and trustworthy means of communication, which must command there, as everywhere else, the communications of the government, of business, and of social life, especially in China. She has no postal system, and her only means now of communicating information is by courier on land, and by steamers on water.

The Western World knows that China is a very large country, in the main densely peopled; but few yet realize that she contains more than a third of the human race. The latest returns made to her central authorities for taxing purposes, by the local magistrates, make her population *Four Hundred and Fourteen Millions;* and this is more likely to be under than over the actual aggregate. Nearly all of these who are over ten years old not only can but do read and write. Her civilization is peculiar, but her literature is as extensive as that of Europe. China is a land of teachers and traders; and the latter are exceedingly quick to avail themselves of every proffered facility for procuring early information. It is observed in California that the Chinese make great use of the telegraph, though it there transmits messages in English alone. To-day, great numbers of fleet steamers are owned by Chinese merchants, and used by them exclusively for the transmission of early intelligence. If the telegraph we propose, connecting all their great seaports, were now in existence, it is believed that its business would pay its cost within the first two years of its successful operation, and would steadily increase thereafter.

No enterprise commends itself as in a greater degree remunerative to capitalists, and to our whole people. It is of vast national importance, commercially, politically, and evangelically.

Shares of this Company, to a limited number, may be obtained at $50 each, $10 payable down, $15 on the 1st of November, and $25 payable in monthly installments of $2.50 each, commencing December 1, 1868, on application to

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The MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK, Syracuse, N. Y.
The SYRACUSE CITY BANK, Syracuse, N. Y.
Messrs. CHAS. F. CHASE & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Messrs. DONAHOE, KELLY & Co., San Francisco, Cal.
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H. H. ORMSBEE, Manufacturers' Ins. Company, Providence, R. I.
W. H. MORSE, American Express Company, Schenectady, N. Y.
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Vermilye & Co.,

Bankers,

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KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY ALL ISSUES OF

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Returns made to Correspondents without Delay, and on Favorable Terms.

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RECEIVE MONEY ON DEPOSIT, IN GOLD, COIN, OR CURRENCY, and allow interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum on daily balances, subject to check at sight.

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NONE BUT WELL-MADE GARMENTS OFFERED, BUT ONE PRICE IS ASKED.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED TO EVERY PURCHASER.

820 MILES OF THE Union Pacific RAILROAD

are now finished and in active operation. Although this road is built with great rapidity, the work is thoroughly done, and is pronounced by the United States Commissioners to be first-class in every respect before it is accepted, and before any bonds can be issued upon it.

Rapidity and excellence of construction have been secured by a complete division of labor, and by distributing the twenty thousand men employed along the line for long distances at once. It is now probable that the

Whole Line to the PACIFIC will be Completed in 1869.

The Company have ample means: of which the Government grants the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations; also 12,800 acres of land to the mile, taken in alternate sections on each side of the road; also United States Thirty year Bonds, amounting to from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according to the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built, for which it takes a second mortgage as security—and it is expected that not only the interest but the principal amount may be paid in services rendered by the Company in transporting troops, mails, etc.

THE EARNINGS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, from its Way or Local Business only, during the year ending June 30th, 1868, amounted to over

Four Million Dollars,

which, after paying all expenses, was much more than sufficient to pay the interest upon its Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove tha

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

ARE ENTIRELY SECURE.

The Union Pacific Bonds run thirty years, are for $1,000 each, and have coupons attached. They bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July, at the Company's office in the City of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The principle is payable in gold at maturity. The price is 102, and at the present rate of gold they pay a liberal income on their cost.

A very important consideration in determining the value of these bonds is *the length of time they have to run.*

It is well known that a long bond always commands a much higher price than a short one. It is safe to assume that during the next thirty years the rate of interest in the United States will decline as it has done in Europe; and we have a right to expect that such six per cent. securities as these will be held at as high a premium as those of this Government, which in 1857 were bought in at from 20 to 23 per cent. above par. The export demand alone may produce this result, and as the issue of a private corporation they are beyond the reach of political action.

The Company believe that their bonds, at the present rate, are the cheapest security in the market, and the right to advance the price at any time is reserved. Subscriptions will be received in New York,

AT THE

COMPANY'S OFFICE, 20 Nassau street;

BY

JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No. 59 Wall street; and by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for their safe delivery.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP FOR 1868 has just been published by the Company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement respecting the Progress of the Work, the Resources of the Country traversed by the Road, the Means for Construction, and the Value of the Bonds, which will be sent free on application at the Company's office, or to any of the advertised Agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, N. Y.

SEPT. 14th, 1868.

THE VERY HIGHEST PRIZE.

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

WAS CONFERRED ON THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE

Grover & Baker SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE

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PARIS, 1867.

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THE HIGHEST PREMIUM,

A GOLD MEDAL,

for the perfection of Sewing Machines and Button-hole Machines. The only Gold Medal for this branch of manufacture.

HOW A DECLINE IS PRODUCED.

Pure blood makes us well; bad blood makes us sick. Vapors from poorly-digested food in the blood are condensed upon the various organs, and serve to make them grow or repair their waste. Organs made with a greater or lesser proportion of such materials cannot be sound. If the bad condition of blood continues but for a few days or weeks, the body will be out of sorts; and, if it continues, the whole of the body will in time be renewed with imperfect blood, and the health bad. It is in a decline—popularly called a consumption.

Now Brandreth's Pills penetrate the whole mass of blood, causing the expulsion of impurities. The body feels relieved from a single dose; what then may be expected from twenty? By continuing their use the whole of the blood in time becomes purified, and the body reconstructed from good material, the decline stopped, and a new lease of life secured. Principal office, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by all druggists.

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Insurances effected by our new system at a reduction in amount of Premiums from former rates.

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SAFETY BOILER

has no large sheet-iron shell to explode; is tested to 300 pounds; economical and durable. Also ROOT'S Trunk Engines, Vertical and Horizontal Engines, (all descriptions), Steam Pumps, Machinery, etc. Send for pamphlets and price-lists. Agents wanted. JOHN B. ROOT, Nos. 96 and 97 Liberty st., near Broadway.

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STOCKWELL & EMERSON,
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one door west of Nassau st.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Physical

EXHAUSTION.—What is this a sign of? Not that the system requires the scourge and spur of alcoholic agents; but that it has gone nearly to the point of starving and putting to rights with a wholesome vegetable aperient and alterative. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, by purifying the system and toning the secretive organs, help Nature, and soon restore the strength of the sufferer. Sold by all druggists.

WANTED! BOOK AGENTS, TO

sell the "LIFE OF NAPOLEON III," by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. First-class canvassers, wishing a new and very attractive work, with no competition, should secure territory at once.

B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

$10 a Day for all.—STENCIL TOOL SAM

ples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

STARR & MARCUS,

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CONTINUE TO MAKE A SPECIALTY OF THE

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.'S Solid Silverware,

embracing all the NEWEST and CHOICEST PRODUCTIONS in DINNER, TEA, and DESSERT SERVICES, with a varied selection of ornamental and useful pieces: also, a very extensive stock of Forks, Spoons, and Knives, of NOVEL DESIGN and UNSURPASSED FINISH, which to purchasers present the following inducements:

1. The quality guaranteed by (U. S. MINT ASSAY) every piece bearing their trade-mark, thus:

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3. Facilities for manufacturing in LARGE QUANTITIES ONLY THE FINEST GOODS, enabling them to reduce the labor prices to the LOWEST MINIMUM STANDARD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORGANS.

THE BEST, THE CHEAPEST, THE LOWEST IN PRICE.

THE

Mason & Hamlin Organ Company

have now such great facilities and resources that they undertake to offer not only the BEST and CHEAPEST instruments, in the greatest variety as to capacity and style, from plain to very elegant, but also the LOWEST-PRICED organs, of good quality, which can be produced in America. They now manufacture three grades of organs—viz.:

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MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS,

THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE in their department, acknowledged the best instruments of their general class in the world; winners of over SEVENTY HONORS PREMIUMS in America, and of the FIRST-CLASS MEDAL at the recent WORLD'S EXPOSITION in Paris, in competition with the best makers of all countries. As to the excellence of these instruments, the manufacturers refer with confidence to the musical profession generally, who will, almost with unanimity, testify that they are UNEQUALED. Every one bears on its nameboard the trade-mark, "MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN." Prices fixed and invariable—$110 to $1,000 each—from which there is no discount to churches or schools.

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THE METROPOLITAN ORGANS.

A new series of organs, of great power, fine quality, and much variety of tone, elegantly and thoroughly made in every particular, and in general excellence second only to the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs. Each one has the trade-mark, "Metropolitan Organ." Prices, $130 to $400 each. A liberal discount to churches, clergymen, etc.

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very compact in size, the interior always of the very best quality, but cases quite plain. Each one bears the trade-mark, "Mason & Hamlin Portable Organ." Prices, $75 to $125 each, fixed and invariable.

VALUABLE IMPROVEMENT.

From this date (October, 1868,) we shall introduce in several styles of our Cabinet Organs a new and very beautiful invention, combining several recent patents. It will be known as

The Mason & Hamlin Improved VOX HUMANA, OR FAN TREMOLO,

and excels every other attachment of this general class in the beauty of its effects, the perfect ease with which it is operated, its durability, and freedom from liability to get out of order.

1. In connection with the Automatic Swell (exclusively used in the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs) it produces the nearest approach to the peculiarly sympathetic, rich, and attractive quality of a fine human voice yet attained in any reed instrument.

2. It is operated by the ordinary action of the bellows of the instrument, and requires no separate pedal, being played by the same motion, and as easily as an instrument without it.

3. It has no clockwork or machinery, and may be said to be entirely free from liability to get out of order and as durable as the instrument itself.

Circulars and Catalogues, with full descriptions and illustrations, free. Address THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont st., Boston, or 596 Broadway, New York.

TO FARMERS AND PLANTERS.

THE LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY, the oldest and largest concern of the kind in the United States, possessing extraordinary facilities for the manufacture of Fertilizers, *controlling exclusively* the night-soil, offal, bones, and dead animals of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey cities, as also the great Communipaw abbatoirs, offer for sale in lots to suit customers,

8,000 TONS OF

DOUBLE-REFINED POUDRETTE.

Made from night-soil, blood, bones, and offal, ground to a powder.

Its effects have been most astonishing, doubling the crops and maturing them ten days or two weeks earlier. Equal to the best brands of Superphosphate for *Present Crop*, although sold only for

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS PER TON.

Packed in bbls. of 250 lbs. each.

BONE DUST.

1—COARSE and FINE MIXED. 2—FINE, suitable for Drilling. And 3—FLOURED BONE.

☞ WE WARRANT OUR BONE TO ANALYZE PURE. Packed in bbls. of 250 lbs. each. For Winter Grain, Double-refined Poudrette and Fine Bone, mixed in equal proportions and *drilled in* with the seed, have produced most remarkable effects. Sold as low as any article of the same purity and fineness in the market.

NITRO-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

We offer this Phosphate confidently as being as good, if not superior, to any *ever* made or sold in this market, containing a larger amount of soluble Phosphate and Ammonia than usual in Superphosphates. For PERMANENT as well as for immediate powerful effect upon land IT HAS NO EQUAL.

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MANUFACTURED by Pierce & Co
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A NEW, NEAT & NECESSARY ARTICLE to every one who uses Scissors of any size whatever

Book Table.

RICHARDSON'S LIFE OF GRANT.*

THE Life of General Grant is the romance of the Republic. The marvelous interest which attaches to the story might almost justify the innumerable biographies which are offered to the public, even were it not for the peculiar zest which is added by the political campaign. Of humble parentage; growing up a bare-footed urchin in his father's tannery; getting little more than half the benefit of Ohio's public schools; receiving absolutely no other education till he reached the age of seventeen, then entering West Point; finishing his course there just in time to complete his military studies in the Mexican War—a school in which most of the generals, both Union and Rebel, graduated; living the idle and, to a man of his temperament, intolerable life of the barracks, part of the time in California, for six years more; resigning at length, disgusted with a service which gave him nothing to do; trying his hand, with unvarying ill-success, at one kind of business after another—in turn a farmer, a real-estate agent, a salesman in a country store—successful in neither; successful only or chiefly as the manager of horses that no one else could manage; notable chiefly as a quiet man, of little speech, no great enthusiasms, modest ambitions—a man that would never "set the world on fire." This man, failing at the real-estate business in 1858, and rejected by the county commissioners of St. Louis County in his application for appointment as county engineer in 1859, receives in 1865 the submission of the Southern Confederacy—having won more battles, conquered more territory, captured more prisoners, reduced more strongholds, and demolished more armies, in a less space of time, than any living general. He still preserves the same imperturbable exterior—smokes, thinks, acts, but is silent. And he is finally nominated for the presidency, not by a military enthusiasm, without breaking his invincible reserve, without making a speech, writing a letter, proposing a platform, or authorizing any friend to do it for him; nominated because, in the office as in the field, his deeds are always in their issue successful, however in their beginnings debated and doubted. As many criticised his acceptance of the War Office as looked aghast upon the beginnings of his campaign against Lee. He finally flanked the rebel President as successfully as the rebel general.

This life of Grant is, as its title indicates, a *personal* history. It is anecdotal rather than philosophical. It proffers no analysis of his character, no eulogy and no critique upon his military career. Nearly a third of the volume is occupied with the story of his life previous to the war. The remainder sheds no new light upon his familiar campaigns. But it carries the reader into the midst of them, less by its graphic descriptions than by its familiarity with detail. You sit by the General in his headquarters; share with him his simple supper; gallop twenty miles across the country by his side, to direct in person an important movement; read, through his invincible reserve, something of his secret character. Mr. Richardson is never eloquent; but he is never grandiloquent. He never arouses our enthusiasm with fine writing, nor tries our patience with abortive attempts at it. He is spicy rather than profound. His book has the unmistakable characteristics of a newspaper correspondent. It has the appearance of having been written in the midst of the scenes which it describes. It is thoroughly readable, however. And we have found ourselves perusing this familiar story, almost as anxious to ascertain whether Grant captured Pemberton, and what was the result of his last pursuit of Lee, as we were when the daily bulletins told us the story of these campaigns.

From this reading we have arisen with new and stronger faith than ever in the power of this quiet man. His abilities have been rather underrated than overrated. He possesses all the qualities of a great captain—some with which he is rarely accredited. Gen. Scott did not overrate his abilities in the inscription on the fly-leaf of his presentation copy of his autobiography: "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest." It is said that it requires as much ability to feed an army as to manœuver it. Lee surrendered in April, instead of six months later, because he had to wait two days at Amelia C. H. for rations. Grant's men never went hungry, never were put on short supplies. He had enough to feed not only his own men, but all the prisoners he captured—thirty-one thousand at Vicksburgh, twenty-seven thousand at Apomattox C. H. Does generalship demand patience? Wellington showed no more than did Grant in the siege of Vicksburgh, and the long and tedious campaign against Richmond. Does it demand boldness, sometimes temerity? Sheridan never ventured more than did Grant when, in spite of the counsel of his ablest officers, he crossed the Mississippi, left the Father of Waters in his rear, cut himself off from his base of supplies, and hazarded the army and the possession of the river itself upon the success of his endeavor to separate Pemberton and Johnston. Does it require invincible assurance, able to pluck the rose of victory from the brier of defeat? Who in history ever showed greater quickness in emergency, greater resoluteness and persistence in pluck, than Gen. Grant at the battle of Shiloh? Does it demand insight into character, and the adaptation of men to their posts? General Grant always organized his army on the march. But, from the battle of Fort Donelson to the surrender at Apomattox C. H., his forces were always admirably officered. He found the dashing Sheridan a commissary. He made him commander of his cavalry. The patient Thomas—the one Fabian general of the civil war—was appointed to entrap Hood by his retreat to Nashville and cage him there. Sherman—admirable for an audacious campaign, but a poor organizer—was, above all others, the man to conduct the "march to the sea." Meade—lacking the self-reliance necessary to conduct an independent campaign—was just the man to execute under Grant's immediate eye his plans and purposes. Like Moses—the greatest statesman of ancient or modern times—he is "slow of speech and of a slow tongue." He speaks by deeds, not words. But, though he does not possess a fluent tongue, he wields a powerful pen. Not only are his orders and his reports models of simplicity and clearness, but he has coined more proverbs than perhaps any other living American. Three times he has given utterance to popular sentiment, in sententious but unstudied sentences, that have run like a flash across the continent. His letter to Buckner, at Fort Donelson, thrilled the nation, wearied of propositions of compromise and conciliation, scarcely less than the victory which italicized it. "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." His famous line to Stanton gave its first real hope to a nation and an army wearied with perpetual changes and a changeless defeat on the banks of the Potomac. "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." And the closing sentence of his acceptance of the nomination for the presidency affords, in four words, the key-note of the policy which both North and South demand after a wearisome, a bloody, and an exhausting war. "Let us have peace."

But, if this life of Grant has added to our faith in the general, it has also still more quickened our confidence in the man. A personal rather than a military history, it discloses him in undress uniform, introduces us to the citizen, and reveals in him the power of one that "ruleth his own spirit"—a power greater than that of the captain who "taketh a city." It is something more than a campaign document. It is a healthful book for every young man to read, in its truthful testimony to the value of unshowy qualities. Every true life is a campaign, every true man a soldier. No one can rise from reading this story without a new zest for his own life-battle; a new admiration, not only for General Grant, but for those too often underrated qualities of self-reliance, patient courage, persistence in a noble purpose, and the power of a self-contained enthusiasm—which have made him the hero of the civil war, which will make every man a hero in his appointed place in life.

* A PERSONAL HISTORY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT. Illustrated by twenty-six Engravings; eight Facsimiles of Letters from Grant, Lincoln, Sheridan, Buckner, Lee, etc.; and six maps. With a portrait and sketch of Schuyler Colfax. By ALBERT D. RICHARDSON, author of "Field, Dungeon, and Escape," and "Beyond the Mississippi." Issued by subscription only. Hartford, Conn.: A.D. Publishing Company.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S ESSAYS.*

IT is unnecessary to inform any reader of THE INDEPENDENT that the Rev. Washington Gladden, pastor of the Congregational church of North Adams, Mass., is a thoughtful and delightful writer; and it is with no little satisfaction that we salute our correspondent on his first appearance as the author of a book. The essays of which this volume is composed were originally prepared as lectures to young people in North Adams. He gives us an idea of the sort of persons he was talking with, and consequently of the scope and spirit of his talks, when he says: "I am addressing clerks, apprentices, young mechanics, factory operatives, shop-girls—many classes of young persons, the greater part of whom have had the advantages of the common school; some of whom, perhaps, have gone higher, into the academy or college, but whose education is finished now so far as the schoolmasters are concerned." With such a company before him for fifteen successive Sunday evenings, Mr. Gladden discourses in a fine brotherly and most helpful spirit on many of the more important problems of thought and duty which intensely concern young people: the object of living, employment for women, dress, manners, health, education, integrity, amusement, marriage, religion, and so forth. There is in these conversations just enough of what he himself calls a "somewhat magisterial tone" to reveal the didactic habit of the revered and successful pastor; but this is never offensive. Indeed, it gives flavor and dignity to the sympathetic tenderness which breathes through every sentence. All his views of life, here and hereafter, are sunny; and when, in his fifteenth essay, he comes to what he calls "the conclusion of the whole matter," and opens his heart to them on the highest of all subjects, he deals with it, not as also the gloomiest of all subjects, but as the brightest. This is the winning way in which he does it:

"By this time you have found out that this last talk of ours is going to be about religion. And I am by no means disposed to believe that the subject will be tiresome or uninteresting to you. My acquaintance with young men and women has led me to believe that they are quite as willing to talk about this matter as any other, provided the conversation is carried on in a sensible and natural way. What I have said already has prepared you to understand what I mean by religion. In my theology it is all comprehended in knowing, trusting, and following the Lord Jesus Christ. To know him is the whole of religious knowledge; to trust him is the whole of faith; to follow him is the whole of duty. 'In Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of Men.' That life I want you all to share. In that light I desire that you all may walk."

After unfolding various reasons why this life and this light are commended to them, he thus insists that such religious inspiration will be "a re-enforcement of all that is good and beautiful in our natures."

"You are strong and active now. The forces of life are all harnessed for their best work. Existence with you is at springtide. The body is healthy, the mind fresh and fertile, the heart warm, the spirits elastic. Nothing seems wanting to your present and permanent enjoyment. And yet there is just one element which you can introduce into your lives which will add greatly to the strength and beauty of your character—and that is the element of divine inspiration which flows into the heart and mind through fellowship with Christ. This is the very thing you need to render your lives symmetrical and perfect. It is just as if Raphael, or Titian, or another of the old masters of painting, should pass through the studio of a young artist, and, looking at a picture upon the easel, should say: 'There is much that is beautiful in this painting. The colors are warm and life-like; the perspective is good; the drawing accurate; and yet it lacks something. I cannot *tell* you what it lacks; but I can *show* you. Give me the brush and the palette.' And, with a few strokes, so delicately laid on that he himself can hardly tell how it is done, the old master supplies what is lacking; and, as the young artist looks, he sees his picture under the hand of the other transformed into a new and wonderful beauty. An inspiration of genius has been breathed upon it, and it shall be a treasure to all time. So shall that great Master, who paints the lilies and the violets, and tints the sky at eventide, retouch your lives to finer issues. Let his skillful hand give form to your activities and color to your thoughts, and the work of your life shall be a beauty and a joy forever."

We have not left to ourselves room to speak of the other notable and quotable things in this charming little book. Through all the dignity and serious thinking of the religious teacher there runs a fine vein of humor, which perpetually comes to the surface and provokes a smile. "When a young man has no regular occupation, he generally finds plenty of employment in doing odd jobs for the Devil." "Miss Anna Dickinson demands that poor women shall have 'something to do.' There is need that somebody should make the same demand on behalf of women that are not poor." Of the professional politician Mr. Gladden says: "He has learned to be all things to all men—not in the apostolic, but in the hypocritic, sense—that he may by all means get office. He has changed front as often as a weathercock on a windy day; and has made many an unsavory meal upon his own words."

But it is idle to attempt to transplant into our columns all the good things which this book contains. We do not know a more useful book for pastors, employers, teachers, parents, and others, to have at hand as a present for their young people.

* PLAIN THOUGHTS ON THE ART OF LIVING. Designed for Young Men and Women. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN, Pp. 236. Boston: TICKNOR & Fields,

EXPLORATION OF THE NILE TRIBUTARIES OF ABYSSINIA. By Sir S. W. BAKER. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co.

This is a narrative of the explorations which convinced the author that, while the steady flow of the Nile is due to the inexhaustible supply of water furnished by the huge reservoirs of the Victoria and Albert Nyanza, in the middle of Africa, and almost directly southward from the Delta, its periodical inundations are to be attributed entirely to the sudden rush of the rivers which have their rise in the mountains of Abyssinia. These numerous tributaries form the river Atbara and the Blue Nile; and through these, when swollen by the rainy season, from the middle of June to the middle of September, pour their waters with impetuous force into the Nile on its eastern bank, about midway between its lake sources and the Mediterranean. Before the rainy season had set in our traveler had reached the Atbara, and had journeyed one hundred and sixty miles along its bank, drawing water from the deep, infrequent pools which occurred in the dry and glaring river-bed. In these pools were crowded hippopotami, crocodiles, turtles, fish, and other animals; and to these spots the birds and beasts of the desert were forced to come to slake their thirst. Encamped on the dry river-bottom, Baker was just falling asleep, one night toward the end of June, when, with a noise like thunder, the mighty waters rushed from the eastern mountains, scarcely giving him time to spring from his couch and help his Arabs convey his effects up the bank, before the flood claimed its bed, and swept majestically onward, wetting the feet of the last fugitives. The next morning a river five hundred yards broad, bearing trunks of trees and all the debris of a mountain freshet on its muddy bosom, was moving on to swell the Nile, inundate Egypt, and deposit an alluvial richness along its course, still reserving enough to increase the present Delta and prepare new soil beneath the Mediterranean. Incidents of the chase give life to the book, and are sufficient to satisfy the most adventure-loving boy. Elephants, giraffes, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, lions, antelopes, gazelles, crocodiles, birds, and a beautiful wild ass fell beneath the fatal aim of Baker. The enormous fish of those unmolested rivers accepted his improvised bait. He notes the habits of predaceous birds, and the order in which these scavengers alight at the scene of their labors. One species after another drops out of the apparently empty sky, suggesting the idea that they occupy different planes in the atmosphere. The crow arrives first, the common buzzard next, and then the vultures; and last, but most kingly, the Maribou stork. The value of the cotton crop, if England should see fit to lay her lion's paw on the Soudan and its neighboring provinces, is most enticingly set forth, as well as the best route to take it to a European market. The work closes with a plan for the uniform irrigation of Egypt, and for winning from the Sahara itself a tract for cultivation.

A supplementary sketch of the captivity and release of English subjects in Abyssinia is furnished by the Rev. W. L. Gage.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

Recollections of a Busy Life: Including reminiscences of American politics and politicians, from the opening of the Missouri Contest to the downfall of slavery; to which are added Miscellanies: "Literature as a Vocation," etc., also a Discussion with Robert Dale Owen of the Law of Divorce. By Horace Greeley. 8vo, pp. 624. J. B. Ford & Co., New York.

Grandma's Story about St. Bartholomew's Eve, by Cousin George; The Promises of God, by E. C. Wines, D.D.; Sunset; or, The Last Days of William Howard; The Children's Church, by Faith Latimer. Four 18mo vols., pp. 72, 96, 104, and 174. Presb. Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

The Works of Rev. John Howe, M. A., with Memoirs of his Life. By Edmund Calamy, D.D. Complete in two volumes. 8vo, pp. 628 and 648. Robert Carter & Brothers, New York.

Ulrich Zwingli, the Patriotic Reformer. A History. By the Rev. Wm. M. Blackburn, author of "William Farel." 12mo, pp. 354. Presb. Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

Social Hymns and Tunes, for the Conference and Prayer-meeting and the Home. With Services and Prayers. 16mo, pp. 155. Am. Unit. Association, Boston.

Gold Elsie. From the German of F. Moritt, author of "The Old Man'selle's Secret." By Mrs. A. L. Wister. 16mo, pp. 344. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Studies of Character from the Old Testament. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., editor of the *Sunday Magazine*. 16mo, pp. 325. Robert Carter & Brothers, New York.

First Words of Scripture. By the Rev. Philip Bennett Power, M.A., author of "I Will of the Psalms." 16mo, pp. 333. Robert Carter & Brothers, New York.

If, Yes, and Perhaps. Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Hits of Fact. By Edward E. Hale. 16mo. pp. 296. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

"Time Wafted Seed." Edited by Norman McLeod, D.D., and Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 16mo, pp. 663. Robert Carter & Brothers, New York.

Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated by May Alcott. 16mo, pp. 341. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Hymns by Francis Turner Palgrave, late scholar of Balliol. Second edition, enlarged. 18mo, pp. 46. A. D. F. Randolph, New York.

The Independent Fourth Reader. By J. Madison Watson, author of a Series of Readers. 16mo, pp. 240. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

Dallas Galbraith. By Mrs. E. Harding Davis, author of Margret Howth. 12mo, pp. 242. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The Kingdom of Satan. By Augustus Blaurelt. 16mo, pp. 170. P. S. Wynkoop & Son, New York.

St. Paul. By Frederick W. H. Myers. 18mo, pp. 45. A. D. F. Randolph, New York.

Life Below; in seven poems. 16mo, pp. 286. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

Ursula's Girlhood. 18mo, pp. 187. J. P. Skelly & Co., Philadelphia.

PAMPHLETS.

Fair Answers to Fair Questions. A reply to the Roman Catholic Tract, "Is it Honest?" By Leonard W. Bacon, pastor of a church in Brooklyn, N. Y. Am. Soc. for Christian Unity.

A Series of Lessons from the Old and New Testaments. No. 1—Genesis. By Rev. Jos. T. Duryea, D.D. S. S. Teachers' Agency, New York.

Creed and Statutes of the Religious Society. The Temple of Africa; or, the House of Truth. Theophilus Kramer, New Orleans.

Natural History of Birds. Lectures on Ornithology, in ten parts. By Grace Anna Lewis. Part I. J. A. Bancroft & Co., Philadelphia.

First Annual Announcement of the Cleveland Homœopathic College for Women. C. A. Seaman, M.D.

Forty-third Catalogue of Oneida Conference Seminary. Rev. A. S. Graves, Cazenovia, N. Y.

The Atlantic Almanac, 1869. Edited by Donald G. Mitchell. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

First Annual Announcement of the Boston Dental College. E. Rich Chrisman, M.D.

Oration of Hon. Wm. Sumner Dodge. Delivered at Sitka, Alaska, July 4th, 1868.

Lessons in Phonography. By James E. Mason. Oakley & Mason, New York.

The National Temperance Almanac for 1869. National Temp. Society, New York.

Occupation of a Retired Life. By Edward Garrett. Littell & Gay, Boston.

PERIODICALS.

The Reformed Church Monthly, October. J. H. A. Bomberger, D.D., Philadelphia.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter, Oct. 3d. S. W. Butler, M.D., Philadelphia.

The New Jerusalem Magazine, October. H. H. & T. W. Carter, Boston.

The Massachusetts Teacher, October. D. W. Jones, Roxbury.

The Missionary Herald, October. Missionary House, Boston.

The New Church Monthly, October. West Philadelphia.

The Mothers' Magazine, October. D. Mead, New York.

The R. I. Schoolmaster. N. W. De Munn, Providence.

Littell's Living Age, Oct. 10th. Littell & Gay, Boston.

Every Saturday, Oct. 17th. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The Friend, October. 121 William st., New York.

Loomis's Musical Journal, October. New Haven.

Kansas Educational Journal, Emporia.

MUSIC.

Where the Roses Never Wither. Written and composed by James G. Clark. C. M. Tremaine, New York.

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If anybody can read that book unmoved, we have only pity for him. No American, however conscientiously he may have espoused the cause of the slave, but may gain from it a deeper, truer baptism into the great doctrine of Christianity, that in Christ Jesus all are brethren.

What gives this story its awful power is ITS TRUTH. Under a thin veil of fiction it presents facts—facts of most appalling suggestiveness; and we beg the reader to notice carefully the modest confirmatory note of Miss Dickinson at the end of the volume. That she speaks of that she KNOWS, and testifies of what she has seen, throughout the whole story, is very evident. Even the part which at first strikes one with most of an air of fiction—the portrait of its heroine and her father and brother—we have reason to know is drawn from actual, literal observation.

That such a book as this is needed among us yet is evident from the fact that the State of Connecticut, with all its signs and wonders of God's great controversy with us yet ringing in her ears and dazzling her eyes, still persists in refusing the negro, who had helped us in our battles, the simplest right of citizenship. Traitors, Copperheads, all nations and names, however mean and degraded, may drop their votes; but brave black hands, scarred with fightings for us, are beaten back.

That such a book is needed is evident from the very issue of the presidential election now before us. There is a party whose war-cry is, A "white man's government, and no place for the negro." There are already significant and awful indications of what may be the fate of this people at the South if that party prevails.

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The Farmers' Column.

HOME-MADE WINES.

A SUBSCRIBER wishes to know several good recipes for home-made wines, and how to keep cider sweet.

Upon this last point there are several ways. A correspondent communicated his method to the Farmers' Club, this city, not long ago, as follows: "If cider as it comes from the press is brought to a gentle scald only, barreled and bunged tight, it will keep sweet, and the last drawn will be as good as the first."

We know certain farmers who have used mustard for this purpose, but in what quantities we cannot exactly tell; we believe one-quarter of a pound to a barrel of forty-two gallons—better less than more.

The most feasible plan that occurs to us now is to use the liquid compound of the "American Fruit Preserving Powders Co." Chambers street, this city. We used some of this last year in preserving peaches, without the use of sugar, and found it to work admirably.

The same article will keep cider sweet with very little trouble. Usually it can be found at any drug or grocery store.

A lady in our family gives us a very excellent recipe for making Currant Wine, saying that she has tasted it after ten years' preservation, and found it splendid.

"To one quart of juice put one quart of water, and add three pounds of sugar. It should be kept in an open tub for a fortnight, then bottle it, and seal with sealing-wax."

HOME-MADE WINE FROM GRAPES.—A doctor in Wilmington, Del., made a domestic champagne from grapes in his own garden, which challenged favorable comparison with any of the famous market sorts.

His method is as follows: "Select the ripest and cleanest grapes, mash and squeeze them thoroughly. Then strain the liquor through a fine sieve, then through flannel. To 2 or 2½ gallons of this juice add 5 gallons of water and 15 to 20 pounds of pulverized white sugar. These proportions to a five-gallon demijohn is, I think, the best mode of making it—always leaving enough to keep filling up the vent—leaving the cork out until the fermentation is done; then decant and put up in champagne bottles, and you have my champagne. The very finest and dryest grapes should be selected."

Our subscriber neglected to inform us of his variety of grape. He is probably aware that varieties differ greatly in their saccharine or vinous qualities, and require special treatment. With the Delaware and Catawba any one can make simple wine by merely expressing the juice, allowing it to ferment, racking it to clear it of impurities, and then putting it away in kegs, barrels, or bottles.

The Concord and Isabella are not appropriate here in the East for wine-making. But in the West the former is far sweeter, and used more for wine. We have even tasted some passable Isabella wine made in Ohio; but it possessed no briskness.

TO MAKE A GOOD CHEAP FAMILY WINE out of black, red, or white currants, ripe cherries, raspberries, and gooseberries, use this rule: Take of each berry you select 28 pounds; add nine gallons of water. Steep for three or four days, frequently stirring up the mash; then strain well, and add to each gallon of the liquor of good moist sugar three pounds, also three drachms of cream of tartar. Ferment, rack, and, at your option, add or not two to five per cent. of good spirits.

The blackberry produces a wine of the utmost value. It is not only delicious, when properly made, possessing a good flavor; but it is held by many judicious physicians to be preferable to any other wines for certain diseases. Its general medicinal qualities are excellent. The recipe is very simple. Three quarts of blackberries and three pounds of sugar make a gallon of wine.

The blackberry is probably one of the most economical fruit-crops a man can raise. Unlike the strawberry—which whenever there is a glut it is difficult to dispose of—the blackberry can be immediately withheld from market; and, by a process simple to every one, converted into a commodity which in a majority of instances yields a better return than if the fruit had sold in the market for eating.

Very many suppose that the grape, being the best wine-producing plant in the world, is the only thing *fit* to produce wine. Now, they are much mistaken. If they could only have a taste of some excellent currant, raspberry, blackberry, or gooseberry wine, properly prepared, they will never cry *grape* exclusively again.

Every one of the above contains from 4 to 8 per cent. sugar; while the grape only averages 15. But, on the other hand, the acid in the grape is on the average less than half that of the other fruits.

We have always been believers in a system of judicious economy; and in these days of horticultural interest we would advise every beginner in fruit-culture to plant only those fruits which he can economize in other ways, if there should be a glut in the market or an unfavorable season for selling. We mean as follows: If they grow currants, raspberries, blackberries, grapes, or cherries for market; and there should happen to be a superabundant supply, causing prices to decline; it should be the purpose of every grower to be sufficiently well acquainted with the method of making wine, so that without any delay his crop can all be economized and saved in that form, and sold at any time afterward, at his leisure, at a good profit.

Strawberries are totally unfit for any other purposes than to be eaten on the table, made into preserves or cordials, or to be canned. They cannot be used for wine. This is probably the occasion for such low prices in times of good abundance. They cannot be economized in large quantities for any other purposes than for the table. We are aware of fruit-growers who prefer to pick their pears and apples, and keep them in an ice-house or fruit-house for several months, and get a high price for them, later in the season, rather than send them to market when there was an abundance. We know of a certain locality where the strawberry-growers this year had their crop rendered totally unfit for market by a rain of three or four days' duration, causing nearly all the fruit to be too soft for market. They were able to sell the fruit to the canners for ten cents a quart, and the whole crop was economized.

The rage on strawberry culture is declining; and it is passing into the hands of practical cultivators, who are doing the business carefully and judiciously. At the same time, other small and standard fruits are beginning to receive more attention.

MANURIAL VALUE OF LEAVES.

FEW persons are aware of the value of leaves, either for manufacturing purposes or for manure. It has recently been discovered that leather can be better, more cheaply, and effectively tanned by the use of *leaves* than by bark. At the last meeting of the Farmers' Club, American Institute, we were agreeably surprised by the exhibition of calf-skin and leather handsomely tanned by the simple use of steeped beech and oak leaves and the extraction of tanning material. It is also worthy of notice that this steeping not only does not affect the value of the leaf for manurial purposes, but actually increases it, by inducing a speedy decay; and, as the glutinous mass leaves the heater, it is in the very best possible condition for application to land, or composting in the barn-yard or muck-heap.

The manurial value of leaves, even in their dry state, is worthy of special mention, because containing so large proportions of potash, lime, phosphoric acid, etc.—larger even than the very wood of the tree itself which produced the leaves.

We give below an analysis of the ashes of the leaves of different trees:

	Potash.	*Lime.*	*Phos. Acid.*
Mulberry	10.8	28.7	10.3
Horse Chestnut, Spring	20.8	21.3	23.4
" Autumn	19.6	40.5	8.9
Walnut, Spring	42.7	20.9	21.1
" Autumn	26.6	53.7	4.0
Beech, Summer	15.5	36.5	7.8
" Autumn	5.3	44.9	4.3
Oak, Summer	33.1	26.1	12.3
" Autumn	19.6	49.6	8.1
Fir	10.1	41.4	16.4
Red Pine	1.5	15.3	8.2

The above represents the per cent. of each article in every hundred pounds of the ashes. In addition to potash, lime, and phosphoric acid, which any intelligent farmer knows are of the greatest value, there are found valuable proportions of magnesia and sulphuric acid.

In these days, when farmers are obliged to economize every pound of manure, it is worthy of thought that the very leaves of the trees that fall near his home, or on his wood-land, are one of the very best fertilizers he can gather and use. Several intelligent farmers have told us that it will be a profitable transaction for any one to pay two dollars per ton for leaves delivered at their door; and, still further, they say it will pay a man to gather them for that sum.

In the month of November there occur many idle days, when the farmer, and his boys or his help, have little work pressing their time. Then is the time to put them at work raking and carting all the leaves they can find, and dump them into the barn-yard or pig-pen, or save them to be used for stable-litter.

This item, though a little one, is still one of those innumerable "*little things*" that go to make intelligent farming profitable.

LIQUID MANURE.

WE believe there is no system of enriching the land for small garden, with a view to perfection of crops, so truly economical and so easily available as that of using liquid manure. We occasionally hear of a gardener, or an amateur grower of some special plant or crop, that has practiced enriching with liquids; but it is only occasionally. Yet the result of every record is in its favor, and a searching inquiry into any extra production of fruit, flower, or plant almost invariably gives watering with liquid manure as the cause. There is in almost every family waste of liquids which usually go into the sewer or drain, or possibly upon the road, where they are of no avail; but, if saved, by being conducted to a tank, would enrich the entire garden-spot of vegetables, small fruits, furnish stimulus to the rose and other flower-borders, and keep the grass-plat green and fresh, even in the hottest and driest weather of mid-summer. The use of a little plaster (gypsum), occasionally thrown in and around the tank, would always keep it sweet and clean. By the use and practice of liquid manuring no delay need ever occur in planting-time, because of the manure not being on hand, or not being in a sufficiently rotted condition; but planting could proceed, and the application of manure be made at leisure.—*The Horticulturist.*

THE *Horticulturist* says: "South and West the people seem to be calling for more and more of reading-matter relating to the garden, orchard, and farm, and their calls are met by new papers and the enlarged size of the older ones, the formation of horticultural societies, and the records of increased interest at exhibitions of those heretofore organized. All are most gratifying tokens of promises for the future greatness and continuance of our nation, for which we have reason to be thankful to the great Power that overrules and guides all things."

AGRICULTURAL.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Parties having ordered from us are informed that we are now sending off the grain with all possible dispatch, and that their orders will be responded to as soon as reached on our books. The large number of orders received compels us to ask the indulgence of our patrons for a few days only. For price-list and full particulars see INDEPENDENT of Sept. 24, or send for circular.

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Year 1862	New Policies.	No. of Policies issued each year.	Gross Receipts.	Amount Insured by New Policies.	Total Gross Assets.	Increase over previous year in Gross Assets.
" 1863						
" 1864						
" 1865						
" 1866	4,004	2,154	1,403	898	986,000	175,196
" 1867	5,325	2,154	1,403	898	986,000	175,196
	9,329	4,308	2,806	1,796	1,972,000	350,392
	14,654	6,462	4,209	2,694	2,958,000	525,588
	19,983	8,616	5,612	3,592	3,944,000	700,784
	25,308	10,770	7,015	4,490	4,930,000	875,980
	30,637	12,924	8,418	5,388	5,916,000	1,051,176
	35,962	15,078	9,821	6,286	6,902,000	1,226,372
	41,291	17,232	11,224	7,184	7,888,000	1,401,568
	46,616	19,386	12,627	8,082	8,874,000	1,576,764
	51,945	21,540	14,030	8,980	9,860,000	1,751,960
	57,274	23,694	15,433	9,878	10,846,000	1,927,156
	62,603	25,848	16,836	10,776	11,832,000	2,102,352
	67,932	28,002	18,239	11,674	12,818,000	2,277,548
	73,261	30,156	19,642	12,572	13,804,000	2,452,744
	78,590	32,310	21,045	13,470	14,790,000	2,627,940
	83,919	34,464	22,448	14,368	15,776,000	2,803,136
	89,248	36,618	23,851	15,266	16,762,000	2,978,332
	94,577	38,772	25,254	16,164	17,748,000	3,153,528
	99,906	40,926	26,657	17,062	18,734,000	3,328,724
	105,235	43,080	28,060	17,960	19,720,000	3,503,920
	110,564	45,234	29,463	18,858	20,706,000	3,679,116
	115,893	47,388	30,866	19,756	21,692,000	3,854,312
	121,222	49,542	32,269	20,654	22,678,000	4,029,508
	126,551	51,696	33,672	21,552	23,664,000	4,204,704
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NEW YORK January 25th, 1868.
The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1867.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1867, to 31st Dec., 1867	$7,322,015 75
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1867	2,858,109 71
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$10,180,125 46
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1867, to 31st December, 1867	$7,597,128 16
Losses paid during the same period	$4,294,564 61
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$1,305,865 36

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$6,854,483 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise	2,175,450 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	210,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at	262,414 83
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	3,322,443 27
Cash in Bank	375,374 02
Total Amount of Assets	$13,108,177 11

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next.

FIFTY per cent. of the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next, from which date interest on the amount so redeemable will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment and canceled to the extent paid.

A dividend of Thirty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1867, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of April next.

By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

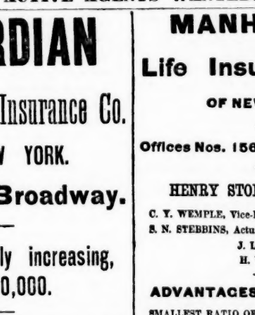
JOHN D. JONES, CHARLES DENNIS, W. H. H. MOORE, HENRY COIT, WM. C. PICKERSGILL, LEWIS CURTIS, CHARLES H. RUSSELL, LOWELL HOLBROOK, R. WARREN WESTON, ROYAL PHELPS, CALEB BARSTOW, A. P. PILLOT, WILLIAM E. DODGE, ROBT. G. FERGUSSON, DAVID LANE, JAMES BRYCE, FRANCIS SKIDDY, DANIEL S. MILLER, WM. STURGIS, CHAS. P. BURDETT, HENRY K. BOGERT, JOSHUA J. HENRY, DENNIS PERKINS, JOSEPH GAILLARD, Jr., J. HENRY BURGY, CORNELIUS GRINNELL, C. A. HAND, B. J. HOWLAND, BENJ. BABCOCK, FLETCHER WESTRAY, ROBT. B. MINTURN, Jr., GORDON W. BURNHAM, FREDERICK CHAUNCEY, JAMES LOW, GEORGE S. STEPHENSON, WILLIAM H. WEBB, PAUL SPOFFORD, SHEPPARD GANDY, ROBERT L. TAYLOR,
JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

METROPOLITAN
INSURANCE COMPANY.
No. 108 Broadway, New York.
THIS COMPANY, WITH A CASH CAPITAL OF
$300,000,
INTENDS HEREAFTER TO CONFINE ITS FIRE BUSINESS TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY, and will also write MARINE RISKS on CARGO ONLY, at its office in the Metropolitan Bank Building.
JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.
ROBERT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President.
Directors:
MARTIN BATES, DUDLEY B. FULLER, FRANKLIN H. DELANO, GILBERT L. BEEKMAN, JOSEPH B. VARNUM, LORRAIN FREEMAN, EDW'D A. STANSBURY, J. BOORMAN JOHNSTON, SAMUEL D. BRADFORD, F. H. WOLCOTT, P. W. TURNEY, WM. T. BLODGETT, CHARLES P. KIRKLAND, WATSON E. CASE, JOHN A. GRAHAM, JOHN C. HENDERSON, JAMES L. GRAHAM, Jr., CLINTON B. FISK,
W. R. WADSWORTH, Secretary

HOME
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
MUTUAL.
258 BROADWAY, New York.
Assets, $1,800,000. Assured Members, 10,000.
OFFICERS:
WALTER S. GRIFFITH, President. I. H. FROTHINGHAM, Treasurer.
GEORGE C. RIPLEY, Secretary. WILLIAM J. COFFIN, Actuary

BERKSHIRE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.,
OFFERS GREATER ADVANTAGES TO POLICY-HOLDERS THAN ANY OTHER COMPANY IN THIS COUNTRY.
INCORPORATED 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.
Assets nearly - - - - - - - - - $1,000,000.
Annual Income - - - - - - - - - 500,000.
Strictly Mutual.
All the Profits are Divided among the Policy-Holders.
Annual and Increasing Dividends.
Equity to All.
No Discrimination against the Unfortunate.
NO FORFEITURE OF POLICIES FROM FAILURE TO PAY PREMIUMS.
An ANNUAL Payment Life Policy is NOT FORFEITED by failure to pay Premium when due, but is still continued in force, under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861
EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.
One Annual Payment will continue the Policy in force 3 years and 8 days.
Two " Payments " " " 13 "
Three " " " " 6 " 27 "
Four " " " " 8 " 46 "
Five " " " " 10 " 56 "
Six " " " " 13 " 41 "
Nineteen " " " " 30 " 14 "
That is, should the assured pay one premium and fail to pay the second, he would still remain insured for the full amount of the Policy ONE YEAR AND THREE DAYS LONGER; if two payments were made, he would remain insured TWO YEARS AND TWELVE DAYS after the third premium fell due. *This feature, first adopted by this Company, is absolutely secured to the assured by the laws of Massachusetts.* In addition to this, on all LIMITED PAYMENT LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES the assured has the OPTION OF A PAID-UP POLICY AFTER ONE PAYMENT.
READ THIS LETTER.
EAST HARTLAND, CONN., February, 1867.
BENJ. CHICKERING, Esq., *Sec'y Berkshire Life Insurance Company:*
DEAR SIR:—I have this day received full payment of the Policy on the life of my husband, Charles M. Elsbree, who insured in the BERKSHIRE Oct. 27th, 1865, and paid one premium in quarterly payments. When the second premium fell due he was ill, and the premium was not paid or received by the Company; on the 3d of November following he died. Receiving notice that under the NON-FORFEITURE plan of the BERKSHIRE the Policy was still good, *notwithstanding the second premium had not been paid,* I made the required proofs of my husband's death, and forwarded the same to the Company at Pittsfield, Mass., on the 12th day of January, 1867, have to-day received their draft for $955, being the full amount of the Policy, after deducting the one premium due in October last, unpaid, with the interest on the same
Mrs. MARY J. ELSBREE.
GOOD CANVASSERS WANTED on liberal terms, by all General Agents, and at this Office. Call or send for Circular.
THOS. F. PLUNKETT, President.
JAMES FRANCIS, Vice-President.
BENJ. CHICKERING, *Sec'y, Treas., and Actuary.*
JACOB L. GREENE, *Assistant Secretary.*
GENERAL AGENTS:

F. H. FRANCIS & J. H. DASKAM	271 Broadway, New York.
J. J. FOSS & F. H. SMITH	35½ Washington st., Boston, Mass.
W. H. GRAVES	329 Walnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.
F. MARSH, Jr.	S. W. corner 3d and Walnut sts., Cincinnati, Ohio.
P. W. BARTHOLOMEW	25 West Washington st., Indianapolis, Ind.
MARSH & WHEELER	111 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
FRANK A. HINE	Toledo, Ohio.
H. S. PARKER	96 La Salle st., Chicago, Ill.
EDWARD R. TAYLOR & CO	30 Great St. James st., Montreal, Canada.
A. S. COFFIN	Providence, R. I.
H. E. HARDEY	42 3d st., Baltimore, Md.
HARD & BONSALL, Agents for Southern Ohio	Portsmouth, Ohio.
L. D. SPENCER, Agent for Northern Ohio	349 Superior st., Cleveland, Ohio.
BABCOCK & CARPENTER	157 Main st., Rochester, N. Y.

THE
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
155 Broadway, New York.
Cyrus Curtiss, PRESIDENT.
W. A. Brewer, Jr., Secretary.

Matthew Mitchell, VICE-PRESIDENT.
Cyrus Munn, Assistant Secretary.
Dr. B. W. M'CREADY, Medical Examiner.
Cash Assets over $1,500,000, and increasing more than Two Thousand Dollars per day above all Losses and Expenses.
A CLAUSE IN EACH POLICY SECURES IT FROM FORFEITURE.
All Dividends Non-Forfeitable by Charter.
The WASHINGTON is PURELY MUTUAL, and divides its profits among its policy-holders only.
Dividends, upon Contribution Plan, made and paid at the end of the first and every year, and applied to increase the amount of insurance, or as cash in payment of premium.
ALL POLICIES KEPT IN FORCE BY DIVIDENDS. Example:—Age 44, Policy $10,000, Annual Premium $364 60, with dividends amounting to $285, would be insured for $10,000 for 288 days (9 months and 18 days) after failure to pay the premium. In some cases the dividends would keep the policies in force for years.
Policies on a medium age become Self-sustaining in about Fifteen Years.
That the WASHINGTON is a great PUBLIC FAVORITE will be seen from the fact that the business of the past year shows a greater increase over that of the preceding year than that of any other Cash Company, while the business of the best Note Companies actually fell off during 1867.
With policies and dividends non-forfeitable, with unsurpassed accommodations to policy-holders, with stability thoroughly tested during the past eight years, the WASHINGTON stands unrivaled in its advantages,
THE WASHINGTON NEVER CONTESTED A CLAIM.
☞ ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED. ☜

GUARDIAN
Mutual Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK.
No. 102 Broadway.
Assets, rapidly increasing, $1,500,000.
ALL APPROVED FORMS OF POLICIES ISSUED. LIBERAL MODES FOR THE PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE BY THEIR TERMS.
The Entire Profits of the Company Divided Equitably among the Insured.
LAST RETURN OF PREMIUM FIFTY PER CENT.
The Premium and Dividend System of this Company combines the best features of all the modern plans of Life Insurance.
If the premium is paid ALL CASH, the dividends begin with the second annual premium and continue ANNUALLY thereafter; they may be applied either to reduce the premium charged or to increase the amount insured.
Premiums may also be paid two-thirds in cash, the remaining one-third being endorsed as a Loan upon the policy.
NO NOTES ARE REQUIRED.
In this case dividends begin with the Fourth annual premium and continue annually, and are applied to cancel the Loans outstanding.
DIRECTORS:

Hon. JOHN A. DIX	New York.
Hon. JAMES HARPER	Firm: Harper & Bros., Ex-Mayor, N. Y.
JOHN J. CRANE	President Bank Republic.
WILLIAM T. HOOKER	Wall Street.
WILLIAM M. VERMILYE	Banker, [Vermilye & Co.]
CHARLES G. ROCKWOOD	Cashier Newark Banking Co.
Hon. GEORGE OPDYKE	Ex-Mayor of New York.
MINOT C. MORGAN	Banker.
THOMAS RIGNEY	Firm: Thos. Rigney & Co.
BENJ. B. SHERMAN	Treasurer N. Y. Steam Sugar Refining Co.
AARON ARNOLD	Firm: Arnold, Constable & Co.
RICH'D H. BOWNE	Firm: John Wetmore & Bowne.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT	Firm: E. V. Haughwout & Co.
WILLIAM WILKENS	Firm: W. Wilkens & Co.
JULIUS H. PRATT	Merchant.
WILLIAM W. WRIGHT	Merchant.
CHARLES J. STARR	Merchant.
WILLIAM ALLEN	Merchant.
GEO. W. CUYLER	Banker, Palmyra, N. Y.
GEO. T. HOPE	Pres't Continental Fire Ins. Co.
JOHN H. SHERWOOD	Park Place.
WALTON H. PECKHAM	Cor. 5th av. and 23d st.
EDWARD H. WRIGHT	Newark, N. J.
GEORGE W. FARLEE	Counselor.
WILLIAM L. COGSWELL	Merchant.

WALTON H. PECKHAM, Prest.
HENRY V. GAHAGAN, Secretary. LUCIUS McADAM, Actuary
W. E. VERMILYE, Medical Examiner.

UNIVERSAL LIFE INS. CO.,
NEW YORK CITY.
THE ORIGINAL JOINT STOCK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE UNITED STATES.
WILLIAM WALKER, President.
HENRY J. FURBER, Vice-President.
JOHN H. BEWLEY, Secretary.
EDWARD W. LAMBERT, M.D., Medical Examiner.

MANHATTAN
Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK.
Offices Nos. 156 & 158 Broadway.
HENRY STOKES, PRESIDENT.
C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-President.
S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.
J. L. HALSEY, Secretary.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Assist. Sec'y.
ADVANTAGES TO INSURERS:
SMALLEST RATIO OF MORTALITY.
EXPENSES LESS THAN ANY CASH COMPANY.
LIBERAL MODES OF PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.
INSURERS RECEIVE THE LARGEST BONUS EVER GIVEN.
DIVIDENDS MADE ANNUALLY ON ALL PARTICIPATING POLICIES.
NO CLAIMS UNPAID.
ALL KINDS OF NON-FORFEITING LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES ISSUED.
POLICIES INCONTESTABLE.
ALL ENDOWMENT POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE AFTER ONE PAYMENT.
The following are examples of the operations of the last dividend:
POLICIES ISSUED IN 1864, ONLY FOUR YEARS AGO

Age at issue.	Amount Insured.	Premium Paid.	Added to Policy.	Total Am't Pol.
40	$10,000	$1,380	$3,572	$13,572
35	8,000	1,092	2,848	10,848
30	7,500	708	2,703	10,208
25	7,000	571	2,505	9,505

This is an entirely new plan, giving insurers the largest return ever made by any company in the same period.
GEORGE A. FRENCH, Manchester, N. H., General Agent for Maine and New Hampshire.
J. MASON EVERETT, Boston, Massachusetts, General Agent for Eastern Massachusetts.
O. L. SHELDON, Rochester, New York, Gen'l Agent for Northern New York.
R. J. BALL, Buffalo, New York, Gen'l Agent for Western New York.
L. D. WINDSOR, Erie, Pennsylvania, Gen'l Agent for Pennsylvania.
LEWIS, SPENCER & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Gen'l Agents for Ohio, Indiana etc.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFIT
Life Insurance Co.,
OFFICE.
No. 132 Broadway, New York.
CHARLES H. RAYMOND, President.
CAPITAL AND ACCUMULATIONS
$1,000,000.
PREMIUMS, POLICIES, AND DIVIDENDS ALL CASH!
ALL POLICIES ON THE MUTUAL PLAN.
DIVIDENDS AVAILABLE AT END OF SECOND YEAR AND ANNUALLY THEREAFTER.
Average Dividends have been to date as follows:
ON LIFE POLICIES, OVER 30 PER CENT. IN CASH.
ON ENDOWMENT POLICIES, OVER 22 PER CENT. IN CASH.
ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE AFTER SECOND YEAR.
H. B. ROBINSON, Secretary,
ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Ass't Sec'y.

"PARTICIPATION INSURANCE."
The only system of insurance under which a company's ability to pay its losses KEEPS FULL PACE with its increasing business and consequent increasing liability to incur loss, without imposing any liability whatever upon the holders of its Policies.
CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
102 Broadway, New York.
STATEMENT OF JULY 1, 1868.

CASH CAPITAL	$500,000 00
SURPLUS	1,518,022 59
CASH ASSETS	$2,018,022 59

THE CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY
insures against loss and damage by fire on all kinds of buildings, merchandise, household furniture, farm property, including stock, RENTS, LEASES, and all other insurable property, at *reasonable rates of Premium*, on the PARTICIPATING PLAN, dividing three-fourths of the profits to its customers in scrip bearing interest at six per cent. per annum, redeemable in cash in the order of its issue, as rapidly as the accumulation represented by the scrip exceeds the sum of $500,000.
The scrip issues of this Company for 1857, '58, '59, '60, '61, and '62, are now being redeemed in cash.
DIRECTORS.
GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Vice President.

A. A. LOW	A. A. LOW & Brothers.
JOHN D. MAIES	David Dows & Co.
S. B. CHITTENDEN	S. B. Chittenden & Co.
LORING ANDREWS	Loring Andrews & Sons
CARLOS COBB	
WM. T. COLEMAN	Wm. T. Coleman & Co.
WM. H. SWAN	Grinnell, Minturn & Co.
WILLIAM T. BOOTH	Booth & Degnar.
CHAS. M. CONNOLLY	Connolly & Co.
WILLIAM T. DEADY	
GEORGE W. LANE	Geo. W. Lane & Co.
CHAS. COREY TABER	C. C. & H. M. TABER.
SAMUEL D. BABCOCK	Babcock, Brothers & Co.
HENRY C. BOWEN	Henry C. Bowen.
AURELIUS B. HULL	Palmerstock, Hull & Co.
JAMES FRASER	Fraser, Major & Co.
SHEPPARD GANDY	Sheppard Gandy.
GEORGE GRISWOLD	N. L. & G. Griswold.
SAMUEL A. SAWYER	Sawyer

HOW TO OBTAIN A

GENUINE WALTHAM WATCH

AT THE

LOWEST PRICES,

AND WITHOUT ANY RISK WHATEVER.

First—Send for our descriptive price-list, which explains all the different kinds, tells the weight and quality of the cases, and gives prices of each.

Next—Make a selection and send us your order, being sure to give name and address in full.

We will then send the Watch by express, with bill to collect on delivery, and instruct the express company to allow you to open the package and examine the watch. And if satisfactory, you can pay for it, and take it. If not it can be returned at our expense. And should the Watch be taken, and afterward not perform well, we will exchange it, or refund the money.

LOOK AT THE PRICES!

Silver Hunting Watches	$18 00
Gold Hunting Watches, 18 karat cases	60 00
Gold Hunting Watches, ladies' size	70 00

Every Watch is warranted by special certificate from the American Watch Company.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Several valuable improvements have been made in all the Watches manufactured at Waltham since the 1st of September, and purchasers will do well to select from such as have that time, the full particulars of which will be found in our price-list.

Please state that you saw this in THE INDEPENDENT.

Address, in full,

HOWARD & CO.,

No. 619 Broadway, New York.

FURNITURE

AND

Upholstery

WAREROOMS,

478 BROADWAY.

E. W. HUTCHINGS & SON,

ESTABLISHED 1849,

Have one of the largest stocks of RICH DECORATED AND PLAIN FURNITURE in the city, of THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE, from new and original designs, in all the modern styles, and in all varieties of

DESIGNS MADE AND ESTIMATES GIVEN.

ALSO

CHURCH AND OFFICE

FURNITURE.

Children's Desks and Tables for Home Study.

☞ Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Factory and Salesroom

26 Grove st.,

New York.

SHALER'S FAMILY SCALES

Are Indespensable to the Housewife.

Three sizes are now offered, weighing 12 lbs., 36 lbs., and 50 lbs. AGENTS AND THOROUGH CANVASSERS are finding profitable employment. More agents are wanted. Send for Pamphlet, containing descriptive price-list, etc.

ALVAH BUSHNELL, General Agent,

No. 23 Courtlandt street, New York.

OTIS

SAFETY

HOISTING MACHINERY.

OTIS BROS. & CO.,

No. 309 Broadway, New York.

PACIFIC

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS IN GOLD $1,350,000.

DIRECTORS IN NEW YORK.

LOUIS McLANE, Esq., Pres't. WELLS, FARGO & Co.
J. LEFE, Esq., of LEFE & WALKER.
FREDERICK BILLINGS, Esq.
WILLIAM T. COLEMAN, Esq.
J. G. KELLOGG, Esq.
MOSES ELLIS, Esq., Boston.

Stockholders of this Company are individually liable for its debts, in addition to which $150,000 will be held in the State of New York for the security of Policy-holders.

FRAME, HARE & LOCKWOOD,

GENERAL AGENTS,

No. 202 Broadway.

Financial & Commercial.

MONEY MARKET.

THE bank statement of the past week justifies our anticipations of an easy money market during October.

The deposits show a decrease of $5,865,180, the loans of $3,958,286, the legal-tenders of $235,361, and the specie of $2,411,888; while the circulation has increased $38,297. The totals of the present and last previous statements are as follows:

	Oct. 3.	Oct. 10.
Loans	$267,330,858	$263,595,589
Specie	11,757,333	9,346,027
Circulation	54,154,836	54,193,133
Deposits	194,919,177	189,153,997
Legal-tenders	60,540,447	60,005,086

There has been more talk of another attempt to produce an artificial stringency; but, as the parties to such a movement cannot now count upon the co-operation of the Treasury, there is very little likelihood of such a purpose being accomplished. The stock speculators in Broad Street clearly do not believe in any thing of the kind, for they have shown a greater activity in their operations for the past few days than for a long time before. A good many movements have been commenced for rushing up prices, which will be greatly aided by the large advance in Pacific Mail, Rock Island, and Mariposa Preferred. The Webb opposition to the Pacific Mail line having been withdrawn, leaves that company in exclusive possession of the Panama route, and with full liberty to put up prices to the utmost limit which the business will bear. The company will soon be in a condition to resume its quarterly dividends; but it is understood that none will be declared until they have first been fairly earned. Pittsburgh and Cleveland, it is understood, is to be run up to par; but the principal parties interested in it are not anxious to start it up too rapidly. They want first to buy more of it at its present low price. Michigan Southern has been neglected for a long time; but it jumped up two per cent. on Saturday, and will go a good deal higher. The Western roads are all doing well and are strongly held.

Gold is tending downward. It touched 137¾ on Saturday, and cash gold was easily borrowed. The banks mostly asked 7 per per cent. for call loans; but there was no difficulty in borrowing at 6 per cent. on Government securities. Good business paper is placed at rates varying from 7 to 8 per cent.

Government bonds have not been active, but prices are steady.

Secretary McCulloch has at last been compelled to yield to the popular demand that sales of gold by the Treasury shall hereafter be made public. In conformity with this resolution, Mr. Van Dyck, on Monday, advertised for proposals for the sale of 800,000 dollars daily, in gold, for the next ten days. The closing price on Monday was 137¼.

DRY GOODS.

THERE has been a very encouraging rally in all descriptions of domestic cotton goods the past week, and all parties have settled down in a conviction that there is nothing more to be feared, for the present season at least, in the way of decline of prices. The consequences are that, while the jobbers and their out-of-town customers purchase more freely, the manufacturers' agents and commission-houses are willing to sell at the going rates, for the season is too far advanced for them to safely hold on for higher prices. Hard-pan has been touched, and a very healthy feeling prevails among all classes.

In brown sheetings and shirtings there is more activity than prevailed the week previous, and prices are about half a cent a yard better on the leading makes. Fine goods for bleaching are in considerable more demand.

No marked advance has been established in bleached goods; but the demand has improved, and sales are larger and more active. Full prices are obtained for the finer qualities, and agents are not so anxious to effect sales as they have been.

In printing-cloths there is a marked improvement, and prices are firm, consequent upon the advance of the raw material and the diminished supply in the market.

The stock of desirable prints in first hands has been so greatly diminished by the purchases of the past week or two that jobbers are beginning to show some anxiety to make up their stock. The demand for the new styles is very active and prices are firm.

The market is very well supplied with muslin de laines, and other dress-goods of a similar character; but, notwithstanding the large quantity of German fabrics of a similar character which are offered in competition, our American de laines are in good demand and sell freely at quoted rates.

Woolens of all kinds are in fair demand. Fancy cassimeres are moderately active among the jobbers; but the great clothing manufacturers buy sparingly. The lower grades are in more request, but prices are barely steady.

Flannels are in moderately active demand, but without change of prices; though there is no disposition manifested to settle down any. There is a fair business doing in blankets, and the sales are about equal to an ordinary Fall trade. Prices are steady.

The prices of cloths are well kept up, and a fair demand is shown from the jobbers as well as the clothiers. The kinds in greatest request are chinchillas, the finer grade of blacks, and for overcoatings. The business is satisfactory to the manufacturers.

In foreign goods there is a more restricted business doing than is altogether agreeable to the importers. Really choice goods for the city trade, such as silks and merinos, command full prices and sell readily; but the importations of ordinary dress-goods have been so extensive that, in order to effect sales to any considerable extent, a decline of prices has to be submitted to. The auction-rooms are kept well supplied, and many of the importers who have left their goods in bonded warehouse nearly a year are now compelled to take them out to save the additional ten per cent. which would be imposed at the end of that time. The goods that are thus withdrawn cannot be kept on hand; and so they are forced into the auction-room, and help to bring down prices. The late fall of full five per cent. in gold has considerably deranged the prices of foreign goods.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—Our market for Western and State Flour the past week has been quite active; but in prices there has been considerable irregularity, and at times there has been much depression in Spring Wheat brands—such as Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa grades—ranging in value from $8 to $8 75 ₱ bbl. Common State Extras, and No. 2, and Supers have been in demand for the local and coastwise trade, and shipping brands have been taken largely for export at lower and variable prices; at the close the market is lower and heavy for all grades except Family brands. California Flour has been only in moderate demand, and prices have favored the buyer, closing heavy for Old but firm for New. Canadian Flour is inactive and nominal. Southern Flour has been in good demand, the low and medium grades have improved, and fancy brands have sold well; the stock is moderate. Rye Flour has been in more active demand, but at variable prices. Corn Meal has been in demand; but with liberal receipts prices have declined, closing heavy and dull. In Wheat we have had an active demand, but n prices there has been considerable variableness; the fluctuations in gold and freights and the unfavorable news from Europe, together with much larger receipts, have given buyers the advantage, and all grades are lower. Choice White State and Michigan, however, are in full supply and steady. At the close the market is heavy and dull. Barley has arrived less freely than many expected, and with a more active demand prices have advanced and close firm. Barley Malt has been quiet, and the market is unsettled. Oats have been in fair demand, and under more liberal receipts and a speculative inquiry prices have fluctuated, closing firm. Rye has been in brisk demand, chiefly for distilling, and with light receipts and a small stock prices have advanced and close firm. Corn has been in more active demand; prices have advanced, but not without considerable variableness. The business of the week has been principally with the home trade, though in part speculative and for export. At the close, under favorable advices from Europe and a good demand, prices are again better and firm.

BROOM CORN.—The supply is fair and the market better, under a more active inquiry. Sales of Red at 9@11¼ cts. The new crop is highly spoken of.

COAL.—The demand is less active for the East and home trade; the arrivals are large and we are adding to our stock. Sales from yard at $6@$8 per ton. Foreign is in more general demand, and is regarded as cheap.

COFFEE.—The dullness of last week being followed by very unfavorable advices from Rio Janeiro, the market for Brazil Coffee has been greatly unsettled, and we note a decline of about ¼ cent per lb. on all grades except strictly prime. At the concession the trade seemed a little more inclined to operate; and, being met freely by importers, a fair business was done. The disposition to mark down the stock of inferior qualities is still very apparent, and the offerings are at low figures. Java and West India grades have been moderately active at easy rates. We quote at 8¾@10¾ cts. for fair to good cargoes Rio, in bond; 12½@17½ cts. for Rio in parcels, duty paid; 21@23 cts. for Java; 14½@16¾ cts. for Maracaibo; and 14½@16 cts. for Laguayra—all gold.

COTTON.—Immediately following the writing of our last report the demand suddenly fell off, and prices declined about 1@1½ cts. per lb. Latterly, however, buyers have again made their appearance; and, operating with considerable freedom, the market has recovered ¾ cent per lb., closing firm on all grades. The stock in store is daily growing smaller; and, though the arrivals rather increase, they have not as yet been more than equal to the demand. Advices from the South report heavy receipts at all the seaboard towns, and planters hurrying every marketable bale forward with all the expedition possible, evidently well satisfied with ruling rates. At some of the interior markets pretty heavy orders had been received direct from Northern spinners. At the close we quote at 26¾ cts. for Middling Uplands, 27@27¼ cts. for do. New Orleans and Texas.

GUANO.—The demand is very fair for the season. Sales of Peruvian at $60 gold, and $88 currency.

HAY.—We have had only a moderate business since our last. The receipts have been more liberal; prices have declined, and close heavy.

HOPS.—There has been only a moderate inquiry since our last, but prices have undergone no essential change. We quote Old American at 5@20 cts., and New do. at 15@25 cts. Bavarian have been sold to a moderate extent at full prices.

MOLASSES.—We note rather more activity in the various grades, refiners and the trade both beginning to stock up again. Prices generally remain very firm, and in some instances are higher. We quote Centrifugal and Mixed at 36@40 cts., Clayed 40@43 cts., Muscovado 43@55 cts., Porto Rico 49@70 cts., and English Island 48@68 cts.

OILS.—American Linseed has declined, but a fair business was done. Crude Fish Oils show no change; the demand has been moderate. Manufactured Oils are quiet. Lard Oil is firm and in fair demand.

OIL CAKE.—The supply is larger, and with less favorable news from Europe prices have declined. Sales at 58 cts. for Western.

OIL MEAL.—The supply is larger, and the market is lower; sales at $9 70@$9 75 per 100 lbs.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for Pork has been quite active, chiefly from operators for a rise; and prices during the early portion of the week rapidly advanced about 50 cts. per bbl. over our last figures. Toward the close, however, signs of weakness have been developing themselves; and, with more stock on sale than had been looked for, the pressure to realize has caused a reaction in values nearly equal to the advance. The jobbing trade is less active; and the stock in yard decreases comparatively slow. We quote at $28 75@$28 87½ for New Mess, $27 87½@$28 for Prime Mess, $24 50 for Prime, $25 for Extra Prime, $31 25 for City Mess, and $32 25 for Clear. The latest transaction for future delivery is a sale of new City Mess in new barrels at $27 50, seller's option November. Beef continues to be worked off as rapidly as possible; but buyers are very cautious, and take only small parcels. We quote nominally at $10@$19 for Plain Mess, and $19 50@23 for Extra Mess, with sales of the latter for November at $17. Tierce Beef is entirely nominal on the spot; but for future delivery there is considerable offering at about $28 for Prime Mess, for November. Beef Hams are quiet at $25@$27 for old, with a few sales of new at $33. Cut Meats continue quiet for want of stock; but were choice lots, particularly of Shoulders, offered, full prices could be realized. We quote at 11¾@12 cts. for Dry Salted Shoulders, 13@13¼ cts. for do. Hams, and 17¼@18 cts. for Pickled Hams. Bacon has sold to some extent, but at rather easy rates, except on choice lots. We quote at about 14¼ cts. for Cumberland, 15@15¼ cts. for Short Rib, 15¾@16 cts. for Short Clear. Cumberlands have sold for December at 12¼ cts., and for January at 12¼ cts. Lard is still quite dull, the demand being entirely of a jobbing character. Strictly Prime is firm, but common lots are easier. We quote at 18 cts. for No. 1, 18¼@18¾ cts. for City, 19¾@19¾ cts. for Steam and Kettle Rendered.

SEEDS.—The demand is quite light and the market is heavy for Clover Seed at 13¼@14 cts. per lb. Timothy Seed has ruled dull but steady at $3@$3 25 per bushel. Rough Flaxseed is quiet at $2 80 per bushel.

SUGARS.—During the early portion of the week raw Sugars were very dull; but latterly refiners have operated with great freedom, and prices have improved materially, closing very firm. Importers offer sparingly and look for a still higher range. We quote at 11¾@11¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 11¾@12¾ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 12¾ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined are in good demand and firmer at 15¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed; 14¾@15 cts. for Soft White; and 13¾@14¾ for Yellow.

TALLOW.—The inquiry has been more active and the market is firmer; sales of 600,000 lbs., at 13@13¼ cts., cash.

WOOL.—There has been less activity in our market for Domestic Fleece the past week; still, a fair amount of business was done, though confined to small parcels for immediate wants of manufacturers. Prices generally are well sustained. Foreign Wool is a little more inquired after, but prices are still somewhat nominal.

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With a good appetite, a vigorous digestion, a sound liver, and a regular habit of body, it is possible to brave constant exposure, to fare coarsely, to encounter violent climate changes, and to breathe an atmosphere charged with the seeds of epidemic complaints, without serious inconvenience. But the strongest bodily health, the most elastic and vigorous constitution, will soon decline under such depressing influences unless sustained by artificial means. The physical powers must be fortified against the extra pressure, or they will break down under it. How, then, can the appetite be preserved, the digestive organs kept in good condition, the secretions be healthfully governed, the regularity of the bowels be maintained, in spite of the disturbing causes referred to? The problem puzzled the world for centuries; but it seems to have been solved at last. The invigorating, regulating, and preventive operation of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters produces, in the most agreeable possible manner, the desired result.

While the traveler, the pioneer, the miner, and all who dwell in unhealthy localities, find incalculable benefit from the use of the Bitters, they are no less valuable to persons engaged in employments which debar them from out-door exercise. The air of a close room is almost as deleterious as the miasma of a swamp, and to sit in a cramped position, or indeed in any position, all day long, is more enfeebling than felling trees, or plowing, or excavating canals, or building. Nothing can wholly supply the place of fresh air and muscular exercise. It is certainly not assumed that Hostetter's Bitters can accomplish such a miracle. But they will, nevertheless, do much for persons whose occupation confine them to the house and demand a sitting posture. A small quantity taken regularly at stated intervals will prevent the flatulence, pains in the stomach and right side, and irregularities of the excretive functions, which are otherwise the invariable penalties of subjecting the sensitive machinery of the human system to undue restrictions. Vital air is heaven's invigorant, and this preparation is not offered as a substitute for it; but it unquestionably prevents foul air, whether in overcrowded rooms or malarious districts, from producing the same deleterious effects upon the system that it would produce in the absence of the antidote. Hundreds of letters from employées in factories, work-shops, public officers, counting-rooms, etc., testify to the important fact, and Messrs. Hostetter & Smith have received numerous communications from editors and authors, referring to the inexpressible relief they have experienced from this cheering and refreshing stomachic, when worn down and exhausted by the labors of the pen. Nor must it be forgotten in this connection that this delightful effect of the Bitters is never followed, as is the case with all unmedicated stimulants, by any nervous reaction. The pure basis of the article, and the healthful nature of the botanic elements with which it is impregnated, render it as safe for the brain as a cup of Congo or Bohea.

As the main object of the laws is the protection of persons or property and the prevention of crime, so the legitimate object of medicine is the protection of health and the prevention of suffering. Hence the value of Hostetter's Bitters as a protective and preventive agent has been strongly dwelt upon. But it must not be then inferred that the remedial power of the preparation is inferior to its efficacy as a safeguard. In cases of dyspepsia, it is, in the opinion of all who have tried it as a remedy for that most general of all physical afflictions, a swift and certain specific. The disease is not, as many suppose, a mere disorder of the stomach; and no medicine that touches the stomach only can cure it, though such a nostrum may afford temporary relief. The great digestive organ is the central position of the disease; but it is intrenched also in the liver and the bowels, and its outworks are in the nervous system. It must be attacked in all these simultaneously, in order to accomplish a radical and permanent cure. Now, the Bitters cover, as it were, the whole ground. They act upon the stomach as an invigorant, re-enforcing its active power; they touch the liver, and wake it from its torpidity; they gently relieve and regulate the bowels; and they calm and brace the nervous system. Thus this great Compound Remedy—embracing the four properties of a tonic, a corrective, an aperient, and a nervine—carry the enemy by a *coup de main*. The effect is patent to the world, and there is no necessity for making a mystery about the *modus operandi*. The difference between Hostetter's Bitters and the fungus imitations and would-be rivals that spring up in its track is that it actually accomplishes what they promise but fail to perform. It does cure dyspepsia, and they don't—that's all. It is the old story of the frog and the ox; and the result of invidious imitation usually amounts to the same thing in modern truth as in the ancient fable.

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